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The Week

THE BATH of blood caused by the fascist-monarchist uprising in Spain continued last week with the results still in doubt. The rebels, who are known to have received substantial aid from Italy and Germany, took Badajoz, on the Portuguese frontier, which made possible a meeting of their forces from the northwest and southwest, and increased the danger that Madrid would be besieged. Large numbers were executed. French efforts to obtain from the other powers a pledge of neutrality seemed more and more hopeless as both Germany and Italy, on various pretexts, delayed full agreement. . . . From Soviet Russia came startling news of a plot by followers of Trotsky, in which, however, Trotsky himself is not necessarily implicated. It is charged that the conspiracy included plans for a wholesale assassination of Soviet government leaders and for a separatist movement in the Ukraine with German and Polish backing. Sixteen persons are to be tried, several of whom are already in prison, including two well known political figures, Zinoviev and Kamenev. . . . Japanese dispatches hinted at a possible change of

attitude toward Soviet Russia. The Japanese, it is reported, impressed by the powerful military strength of the Russians in Siberia, are contemplating a far more friendly attitude than in the recent past. . . . Disturbances continued in Palestine, where the death roll in the recent riots now numbers sixty-six, most of them Jews. . . . The French Parliament ended its sitting after having passed the most notable series of reform measures in many years. . . . Another possible shift on the chess-board of European diplomacy was suggested when the chief of the French General Staff visited Warsaw, giving rise to reports of a fresh rapprochement between France and Poland.

THE conference of Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice, at Cleveland, was the chief political event in the United States last week. It is described in an article by Jonathan Mitchell beginning on page 72 of this issue. . . . President Roosevelt, before leaving for an inspection of the areas afflicted by flood and drought this year, made a speech at Lake Chautauqua, dealing with international relations, in the course of which he broadly hinted that the Pan-American Conference at Buenos Aires beginning December 1 may see the birth of a new League of Nations confined to this hemisphere. . . . Despite some rainfall, the almost nationwide drought continued, with its accompaniment of great suffering, widespread plans for relief and soaring prices of foodstuffs. Secretary Wallace is working on a revision of federal agricultural policy based upon crop insurance, the "ever normal granary" idea and a vast extension of the principle of commodity loans. . . . The threat of a milk strike in New York State was only temporarily abated by the increase granted the farmers of twenty-five cents per hundred pounds. The dairy farmers are asking \$3 per hundred pounds instead of the present \$2.70 for milk to be drunk and \$2.05 for that sold for manufacture. . . . Treasury officials announced that the increase in tax revenue because of returning prosperity makes additional taxation next year unnecessary and may permit the elimination of some of the present nuisance taxes. . . . Figures for the second three months of the year showed that, as in the first quarter, the United States had a so-called unfavorable balance of trade. . . . New York trade unionists affiliated with the new American Labor

Party, supporting Roosevelt, now number 100,000 and a total enrollment of 500,000 is predicted before the end of this month.

NEWS that a number of persons, including the old Bolsheviks Zinoviev and Kamenev, would be tried for conspiracy to assassinate Stalin and other prominent Soviet officials, that the government alleged this to be a Trotskyite plot, with Nazi complicity, and that public opinion was calling for the death penalty, must be received with a sinking feeling by many sympathizers with the Soviet Union. Nobody at a distance can possibly know whether the charges are true, especially before the trial, but it is certain that an incident of this kind offers a golden opportunity to enemies of the Russian state. They will assert that the accusations are trumped up for political effect, that they indicate that the Communists have not moved a step from dictatorship, and that the old O.G.P.U. is still powerful and active in terroristic suppression. The affair is especially disquieting to those who do not credit such charges, but accept the government's account at face value. For it indicates that violent conspiracy by prominent and rational persons is not yet dead, and that Soviet citizens are much more afraid of such conspiracy than are citizens of stable democratic regimes. Contrast, for example, the strong feelings aroused by this reputed conspiracy, which has not resulted in any overt act, at least since the Kirov assassination, with the calm way in which British citizens regarded what looked like an actual effort to assassinate King Edward. It was assumed that the assailant must be at least a little crazy; the death penalty was not even mentioned; he was accused only of "attempting to alarm the King."

A STRAW poll of the Institute of Public Opinion reveals a surprising and gratifying support of the labor movement by citizens in general. On the question, "Are you in favor of labor unions?" the vote was 76 percent for and 24 percent against. The fact that the percentage was 86 percent Yes among Democratic voters and only 65 percent Yes among Republicans indicates why most laborites favor President Roosevelt, regardless of what may be said by Mr. Landon. Still more enlightening was the poll of union members on the question, "Do you favor separate unions for each craft in an industry (like carpenters, masons, machinists, etc.), or one single union for all workers in an industry (the industrial union)?" On this issue 52 percent of union members voted for craft and 48 percent for industrial unions. The Institute comments on the surprisingly strong vote for the industrial form, but it does not point out the significant fact that the strength of industrial unionism among rank-and-file union members is far greater in this poll than it was in the A.F. of L. Convention, which voted nine to five against the industrial-union advocates. Nor does it point out the further significant fact that those who are already union members would be ex-

pected to favor craft unions by a much larger percentage, since the A.F. of L. has always put most of its energy into organizing skilled craftsmen, leaving the great majority of workers in mass-production industries out of the unions altogether. It would be interesting to see a poll of wage earners in general, whether union members or not, on this question.

PERSONS untutored in economics—and this includes most Republican politicians and journalists—are likely to think there is something alarming about the fact that for the first six months of 1936 the United States, for the first time in years, had what the newspapers call an "unfavorable" balance of foreign trade. We imported \$9,000,000 worth more goods than we exported. This is reputed to mean that wicked foreign producers, with their pauper labor, are competing with honest, upstanding Americans. What it actually means is far more complicated. The balance of commodity trade must be considered along with such things as tourists' expenditures, immigrants' remittances, interest on investments, new investments and movements of gold. If commodity trade were considered alone, the meaning would be that American consumers enjoyed goods from abroad that they did not have to pay for with an equivalent value of exports. Far more significant than the balance of trade itself, moreover, is the fact that trade as a whole increased. We exported more goods in the first half of this year than in the same period of 1935; we also imported more. That means that both foreigners and Americans were richer in actual commodities. It is the function of trade to benefit both buyers and sellers; efforts to diminish buying will also diminish selling. This is as true across international boundaries as within them.

THE United States has recently been furnished with a small but significant piece of evidence of the economic difficulties of Nazi Germany. Germany has trouble in financing the purchase of the imports she needs for armament and other purposes; in order to procure the necessary foreign balances, she has been subsidizing exports by an ingenious system. Eliminating all technicalities, this means that she has been enabling her manufacturers to sell their products abroad at less than they cost; Germans must pay this loss through a lower standard of living. But the United States objected to receiving such a gift from Germany, for American manufacturers dislike to compete against foreign goods sold below cost even more than against foreign goods at a higher price. Therefore our government, under the authority of the new tariff law, applied discriminatory and prohibitive duties against German products. This made the situation worse than ever. Therefore Germany has agreed that she will cease subsidizing exports to the United States. We as consumers shall therefore cease receiving the gift which cheap German goods constituted; Germany,

will be able to buy less here than before and we shall suffer correspondingly as producers. A part of the burden will be lifted from German citizens, but the Nazi rearmament program will be hampered and its scarcity of various materials enhanced.

NINE years ago this week the State of Massachusetts put to death Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco. Nine years after the event, it is more than ever clear that these men were innocent of the murder with which they were charged and that the great and just State of Massachusetts did them to death because they were poor, because they were aliens and because they adhered to a philosophy that seemed strange and repugnant to the constituted authorities. It is interesting, after the passage of so much time, to attempt an assessment of the permanent results of this historic case. On the one hand, it is probably true that few persons have changed their minds about the case in the past nine years. The arbitrary laws that helped bring about the miscarriage of justice are still, so far as we can learn, on the statute books. Certainly, murder for political reasons is more common in the world today than in 1927. On the other hand, the number of persons, in the United States and other countries, who believe that it is both desirable and necessary to reshape our civilization in the interest of justice and the rights of the masses of mankind has enormously increased. That this is true is, we think, at least partly because of the deaths of the poor shoemaker and fish peddler, whose fate was for so many people a flash revealing unsuspected depths of cruelty in their society's chief spokesmen.

AN American, Bishop Joseph Schrembs of Cleveland, is quoted this week by the Labor and Socialist Press Service as having made the following statement in Rome, where he is visiting the Pope:

Father Coughlin wants some protection for the laboring classes and their families. Fascism has now given it to Italian workmen. If American capitalists were not so shortsighted they would also advance in order to save their country from Communism.

Without discussing the sort of protection fascism has given to Italian workmen we should like to ask Bishop Schrembs a few questions. Does he mean us to believe that fascism is brought about by capitalists for the benefit of the laboring class? Does he mean that Father Coughlin is, with the approval of his church, planning American fascism? Does he mean to urge American capitalists to back Coughlin? If not this, what does Bishop Schrembs mean?

THE famous case of Miss Mary Astor and her diary raises again the question whether it is fair to call the United States a civilized country. In a dispute regarding the proportion of time that a child shall spend every year with each of her estranged parents, we are treated to an orgy of

sensationalism which, in many newspapers, received ten times as much space and attention as would be given a peace conference on which depended the fate of the world. There are other countries which would never dream of permitting this public exploitation of the private lives of private citizens; there are many American courts which would never have permitted these details, of no importance or significance except to the individuals involved, to be revealed. It is pretty plain that we need, first, a better legal standard of what may or may not be published with propriety (and England would be an excellent example to follow); second, a substantially higher standard of judicial discretion on the bench and third, a very great elevation of the taste and ethics of a large section of the press.

THE aggrieved husband in the Mary Astor case, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, has been writing his biography for The Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, Inc., and we again witness one of the miracles of modern journalism. Dr. Thorpe is a practising physician; so far as we know, he never before in his life wrote a line for publication. Yet when he began to pour forth his history for the panting millions of newspaper readers, he turned out to know every last trick of the veteran journalist. His professional virtuosity is astounding; he writes exactly as though he were a weary old \$40-a-week hack reporter. If journalistic technique can thus be acquired merely by looking at the ink on a good fat check, it seems pretty clear that the schools of journalism, with their four-year courses and stiff examinations, are wasting a lot of somebody's time.

THE strike of the Seattle chapter of the American Newspaper Guild against Mr. Hearst's Seattle Post-Intelligencer, which began last week, has rapidly developed into the most effective editorial strike on record. With the refusal of the compositors to go through the Guild picket lines, the paper suspended publication indefinitely. Attempts to transfer publication to the plants of Seattle's two other papers—The Star and The Times—were thwarted when the union employees on those papers declared that they, too, would refuse to walk through picket lines. The Guild is asking for the reinstatement of two veteran employees who were recently discharged for Guild activities, but the local papers are apparently doing their best to confuse the issue. Not surprisingly, they have formed a united front in defense of that great right of the American people—freedom of the press. When a union, defending its right of collective bargaining, forces a paper to suspend publication, that is, we are told, a violation of freedom of the press. Of course, if Mr. Hearst were really concerned about freedom of publication, he could easily insure it by dealing fairly with his employees and by recognizing the Guild. But apparently he is not so much concerned with continuity of publication as he is with being dictatorial. Armed guards and other

preparations for breaking the strike are the Hearst policy of the moment. The Guild, however, has the solid support of Seattle labor and it is likely to give Mr. Hearst a far more painful headache than he already has from the twenty-six-week-old strike of the Guild on his Milwaukee News.

THE Soviet Union wants to have a bigger population and is trying to get it by a mixture of rigor and coaxing, by punishments and subsidies. That is the obvious lesson to be drawn from the new laws regarding divorce, abortion and pensions to large families. But is it true, as unfriendly countries have charged, that more children are needed to increase the size of the army? That could hardly be the case in view of the fact that many of the young men in the Soviet Union are not now called upon for army service—the population is too big for that. The real purpose of encouraging a growth in population is to open up the vast territories of northern Russia and Siberia, of Chuketski, Kamchatka, etc., and to reclaim the deserts and steppes of Central Asia. In the past the Soviet government has not been able to think of doing this on any large scale, because there was not enough food to support the present population at anything that the rest of the world would consider a high living standard. But now there is food enough. The new problem is to develop vast unoccupied territories that are practically as large as the Soviet regions already inhabited. Our correspondents in Moscow suggest that during the next five years, if there is no war, the Soviet Union may open its borders to mass immigration as the United States did in its great period of expansion.

A SPLENDID example of the benefits conferred upon a people by free private enterprise is to be found today in the community of Manchester, New Hampshire. The 70,000 persons who live in this town have in the past depended entirely upon the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company; its textile mills, which stretch for two miles along the Merrimac River, employed 12,000 workers. Now the mills are closed, never to work again, and the workers can only sit in the company's tenements, wondering when the final liquidation will take place and what they are to do then, when they are forced to move. According to Marquis W. Childs, who has told the story of Amoskeag at length in *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, there is reason to believe that if the capital accruing from Amoskeag profits had been left in the company for experiment and modernization the mills would have been able to meet their competition. Instead, by the now familiar processes of financial jugglery, it was drained off into private pockets. Amoskeag at last failed, and today the town of Manchester is dead. During last winter, while court proceedings were going on, the thrifty French-Canadians who make up the largest part of the population stayed away from the relief rolls and pinched along on their savings, always

with the hope that Amoskeag would open again. Since the first of the year, however, it is estimated that the relief rolls have doubled, and that 21,000 persons are being supported, directly or indirectly, in this way. They cannot afford to move from Manchester and lose this means of support. But Manchester is dead.

IT IS doubtful whether Hitler will appreciate the irony in the recent formation of the American Guild for German Cultural Freedom. This group was organized to preserve and add to the great German traditions in scholarship and the arts that are now all but annihilated in Germany itself under the Neanderthal doctrines of Goebbels, Streicher and the Nazi propagandists. The Guild for German Cultural Freedom is international in scope and it hopes to keep alive in exile the creative activities of Germany's top-ranking scholars and artists, most of whom are now barred from their own country, as well as to provide a friendly atmosphere for the development of new and younger talents to carry on German culture. The German Academy of Arts and Letters is a subsidiary organization which will award scholarships and prizes and arrange for the publication or display of outstanding contributions to literature or the graphic arts. A noteworthy new member of the Academy is Thomas Mann, winner of the Nobel Prize in literature, who now joins his brother Heinrich and his son Klaus in the organization. The Guild for German Cultural Freedom was founded in this country by Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. Exiled artists now in the Guild are Lion Feuchtwanger, Stefan Zweig, Ernst Toller, Alfred Neumann, Joseph Roth, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Bruno Frank and others.

THERE assembled a few days ago in Asheville, North Carolina, a gathering which called itself the National Conference of Christian Ministers and Laymen. As we reported last week, this innocent-sounding title concealed a collection of professional patriots and anti-Semites whose general principles run roughly parallel to those of Hitler. In listing some of the well and unfavorably known Red-baiters who either endorsed the conference or intended to be present, we expressed our surprise that in this list should be found the name of Dr. E. W. Kemmerer of Princeton University. Since last week's issue of *The New Republic* appeared, Dr. Kemmerer has made public a statement repudiating this conference and saying that while it is true that he is "definitely opposed to communism" he is also "opposed to anti-Semitism and to all other movements which differentiate between American citizens on the basis of creed or race." We congratulate Dr. Kemmerer on his adherence to an old-fashioned American doctrine; believing as he does, he would certainly have been out of place in the Asheville conference, of which we hope to present a detailed account in our next issue.

The President and Peace

PRESIDENT Roosevelt was at his best in his Chautauqua speech on our foreign policy. No one expresses more beautifully than he the aspirations of the common man for peace and freedom, and, with most of what he said, the sharpest critic must agree. It is certainly true that the danger of a general war is now the greatest problem confronting the world, and far more urgent than any immediate domestic issue. In his criticism of the treaty-breaking nations and his recognition of the economic causes of war, he was on solid ground.

There are many Americans who attach less importance than does the President to the Pan-American League of Nations which, he hinted broadly, will be brought into existence at the conference beginning in Buenos Aires on December 1, but there are few who will deny that it is a step in a good direction. His description of our improved relations with our Latin American neighbors is undoubtedly in accord with the facts, even though some exceptions should be noted. Many Cubans would deny that the abrogation of the Platt Amendment had ended our interference in the domestic affairs of the Pearl of the Antilles; and while it may be true that in general we uphold democratic principles in Latin America, this is not the case in Brazil, where a tyrannical fascist government holds in prison some 1,700 believers in liberal democracy and does so with the support of large American capitalist enterprise. Nevertheless, it is true Mr. Roosevelt's "good neighbor" policy has had substantial effect in the Latin countries.

Mr. Roosevelt is also right, in our opinion, in his definition of the American policy of isolation from European quarrels. It is true, as he says, that we have coöperated and will coöperate with all the social and humanitarian activities of the League of Nations; that we were disappointed by the failure of the disarmament conferences, of the effort to control the manufacture of and the traffic in arms and ammunitions and by the collapse of international naval limitation. While it is easy to exaggerate the value of trade treaties in creating a will to peace, there is no doubt that economic nationalism, at least as it now operates, increases the danger of war. It is certainly true that the greed of American business men for fat profits from the sale of military supplies to the belligerents in any future war would, if unchecked, again prove an almost irresistible force in dragging us into the conflict.

It is a striking fact that with the presidential campaign two months old, Mr. Roosevelt's speech is the first serious discussion by either candidate of the most important issue facing the American people. Governor Landon's comments on foreign policy in his acceptance speech, like the similar section of the Republican platform, hardly deserve any careful consideration. An attempt to be all things to all men, Governor Landon's views are as inadequate

to the problem as they are mutually contradictory. As to the one central issue, curbing the greed of American capitalists in order to reduce the danger that the United States will be drawn into a European war, it can only be said at present that on the record, Mr. Roosevelt is far more likely to be willing to take the necessary steps than is Governor Landon.

The gravest question regarding Mr. Roosevelt's own attitude is whether he himself is prepared to go far enough in the direction of automatic, immediate and complete severance of business relations with all belligerents as soon as hostilities begin. It will be remembered that throughout the congressional debate on neutrality both the Secretary of State and the President insisted upon leaving a very large, and in our opinion a most dangerous degree of discretion with the Executive. Mr. Roosevelt wanted to be allowed, of course with the advice of the Department of State, to decide in every case who was the aggressor and who the victim, and to suspend trade with the former only. It may be that the complete collapse of the League of Nations sanction policy in the Italo-Ethiopian affair has brought Mr. Roosevelt to a realization of the great dangers involved in the program he so blithely espoused; certainly, it should have done so. No man in his senses should want the responsibility of making alone the decision which may drag his country into war. Only Congress should have that power; and even Congress should safeguard itself by the fullest preliminary consideration and by completing its program, as far as is humanly possible, long before the crisis comes.

Despite the bitter experience of the World War, America has not yet learned the painful lesson which that experience should have taught. Every day we see fresh evidence that thousands of people who ought to know better believe we can make money out of a European conflagration and still avoid entanglement. Nothing is more badly needed at the present moment than a huge campaign of popular education regarding the causes of war and the ways in which, even now, American business, with the tacit support of government, is sowing the seeds of conflict in the Orient and Latin America. We need general recognition, such as does not now exist, of the fact that in the long run, peace and aggressive international capitalism are incompatible. We need to learn that nowadays, war in any quarter of the globe is likely to grow with terrifying swiftness into a worldwide disaster. In particular, we must recognize the fact that to keep out of any conflict means extremely heavy sacrifice and temporary economic maladjustment. Unless we are prepared to pay that price and to know in advance that we are willing to pay it, we shall never be able to stay out. We hope that before the campaign is much older, the presidential candidates of all parties, and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon in particular, will say specifically and in detail what they propose to do to keep the United States at peace if a war crisis comes.

Publicity for Spanish Interventionists

THE EFFORT to preserve full international neutrality in respect to the Spanish civil war appears to be certain to fail. While the dilatory tactics of the German and Italian governments have postponed the application of the non-intervention agreement urged by France, invaluable assistance has been extended by them to the Spanish fascists. Reliable American reporters have seen in the camp of General Francisco Franco twenty Junker bombers and seven Caproni bombers. They have seen German and Italian aviation experts—about sixty aviators, co-pilots and radio operators—who will either train the Spanish rebels in the use of the war machines or fly them personally. Reports of other kinds of assistance continually crop up. Great Britain has issued a neutrality warning to her own citizens—but it is not one that actually prevents the sale of munitions and equipment, the use of volunteers or the extension of loans and gifts. Planes have been flown from England, apparently destined for one side or the other. Even France cannot, under her existing laws, forbid the giving of aid by private citizens. Any agreement that may be reached, therefore, will be full of loopholes.

President Roosevelt has expressed the intention of the United States government to remain completely neutral and has issued a recommendation to its citizens to do the same. This statement, it is announced, has been shown to manufacturers of war material who, having received orders from one or the other of the Spanish contestants, asked the attitude of the Department of State. Accompanying the publication of the official statement, however, is the commentary that even under our recently enacted neutrality laws the President has no legal right to declare an embargo on munitions exports to participants in a civil war. We do not know what aid is being given, or may be given, to either side in Spain by American manufacturers or dealers who may be induced by the prospect of profit. We do know, however, that money is being given from this side to help support the republican government; Mr. David Dubinsky, President of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, has announced a gift of \$100,000; other contributions from organized labor are being made here and in other nations. A correspondent calls this action to the attention of *The New Republic* and objects that it is a violation of neutrality.

Under these circumstances, what policy can be adopted that may do anything to avoid the danger of spreading the Spanish conflict? Shall governments and journals offer advice that their nationals ought to entertain and express no sympathy for either side? This advice is certain to be ignored; in such a crucial issue sympathies are sure to be felt. Shall peace-loving movements refrain from

giving sympathy or aid? That would mean in practice that the war-makers would continue unhampered to assist the Spanish rebels, while labor and popular forces would deny aid to the republican government. Intervention would continue, but only a one-sided intervention in behalf of a cause that, victorious, would make future war more likely. Already the scruples of the French government have given the rebels an advantage, through unchecked German and Italian aid, and possibly also unofficial assistance from Great Britain and other nations, that may have disastrous consequences.

One avenue, however, remains to be explored—the avenue of publicity. The weight of popular sympathy everywhere except in Italy and Germany is almost certain to be on the side of a republican government in which labor and landless peasants are strongly represented, a government defending itself against a reactionary rebellion which is carried on largely by a standing army and colonial troops. There is no doubt that the vast majority of the Spanish people are opposed to the revolt. But we can only suspect who, outside of Italy and Germany, is aiding the other side. Let every loan, every gift, be made as public as that from the American garment union. Let those who support Spanish reaction, directly or indirectly, be forced to show their colors. Whether governments can forbid shipments of war materials or not, they can at least publish the news of them; they can ask the manufacturers to tell who placed the orders and who are the consignees; they can request banks to reveal the source of credits. As long as intervention is certain, let us do everything possible to make interveners on both sides lay their cards on the table. If that were done, the public opinion of the world would have a far better chance to know the facts and exert an influence. Such a course from 1914 to 1917 might have done much to check our drift into the World War. If it could now be adopted by international agreement in relation to Spain, the more reckless forces behind the aggressors might be curbed. But in any case, we should like to see it enforced in the United States.

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Liberty League Liberty

I: *Liberty in Politics*

THE American Liberty League is the most impressive and the best financed of the voluntary organizations recently formed to defend something that is variously called "the American system," "the constitution," or more simply, "liberty." But it is only one. It has had numerous predecessors. In the serried ranks of nation-savers march such varied troops as the Crusaders, the Sentinels of the Republic, the National Conference of Investors, the American Taxpayers' League, the Farmers' Independence Council, the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, the Election Managers' Association, the Order of American Patriots, as well as numerous patriotic bodies, the names of which have many times appeared in the newspapers. Though there is not complete unanimity among these organizations, and each will deny responsibility for the others, nevertheless their opinions and tactics fit together well enough so that one is justified in classifying what they all want under the general head of Liberty League Liberty.

Such a coalition of citizens is worth attention. Just what is in danger, that they think needs their protection? What, specifically, do they want? How do they go about getting it? In an effort to discover the answer, I read the six volumes of testimony before a United States Senate Committee to Investigate Lobbying Activities, under the chairmanship of Senator Hugo Black of Alabama. This committee questioned under oath representatives of most of these organizations, and others as well. Moreover, this committee represents one of the activities of government to which they most object. The Republican platform of 1936 charges that "the rights and liberties of American citizens have been violated," that the administration "has intimidated witnesses" and "has promoted investigations to harass and intimidate American citizens." "Appeals to passion and class prejudice have replaced reason and tolerance."

In its effort to discover evidence, the Committee subpoenaed many letters and telegrams. Certain persons challenged its authority to do so, and declined to submit the required documents. Chief among these was William Randolph Hearst, who caused to be served on the chairman of the Committee, on March 16, 1936, a subpoena and bill of complaint issued by a United States court, the purpose of which was to prevent it from giving publicity to a telegram of instructions sent by him to an editor of one of his newspapers. Newspaper owners generally supported the action as a defense of "freedom of the press." It is therefore well to

find out what the Committee was doing, as well as what those whom it investigated were doing.

The testimony does not present a simple and logical story. Witnesses did not stick to the point; they professed ignorance, they forgot. Documents and accounts had been destroyed. False trails were followed. Trivialities consumed hours. Mysteries were left unsolved. Nevertheless, the essential facts emerged.

THE HOLDING COMPANY FIGHT

The investigation began with the struggle over the Wheeler-Rayburn bill. That bill, it will be remembered, was an effort to eliminate the abuses of the public-utility holding companies, and to bring them under federal regulation. The old skill of getting rich by accumulating business properties, combining and refinancing them, hitherto practised in other industries (notably railroads), had been developed to a high degree in electric utilities during the post-war period. The opportunities were particularly great here, because it was a large and expanding industry, still in the period of decreasing costs. Various groups of promoters were engaged in buying up local operating companies, often at uneconomically high prices, with money obtained from the public by security issues. These holding companies would in turn be bought by super-holding companies, they by super-super-holding companies, and so on. While most of the cash came from outside investors, the promoters themselves would retain control. So long as business was good, they reaped an immense return on the amount of money they put in. The structure became unbelievably complex and topheavy. Depression brought disaster to it, with fantastic losses to investors, in spite of the fact that the consumers' demand for utility service, and the prices at which it was sold, were affected but little. Meanwhile the centralized financial control had injured the consumers by various methods of rendering local rate-regulation virtually ineffectual. And this control had played, as previous investigations had shown, a large role in publicity and in influence of education, to the end of fighting off governmental intervention or competition with private control.

The Wheeler-Rayburn bill challenged this aggregation of concentrated wealth at its most vulnerable point. It proposed, not merely to regulate interstate utility activities, but actually to forbid the existence of interstate utility holding companies above the first degree, except those that performed a real service in improving the efficiency of electric service.

Existing ones were to be given time to wind up affairs and distribute their assets. They could remain as investment trusts, but not as opportunities for manipulation. Future utility issues were to be regulated by the S.E.C. This provision of the bill was intended to destroy the most promising opportunity left in America for speculative promoters to get rich quickly. It was aptly, from their point of view, called by them the "death sentence." They mobilized every available resource to defeat it. They prevented its passage for many months, and might have killed it altogether if it had not been for the revelations of the Black Committee. The investigation, therefore, was in the first place a weapon of those who favored the bill. It is thus already in part clear by whom the activities of the Committee were regarded as persecution and invasion of liberty, and what kind of liberty it hampered.

What were these revelations? They concerned chiefly the manner in which the utility holding companies fought the bill. There was formed, under the presidency of Mr. Philip H. Gadsden of the United Gas Improvement Company, a Committee of Public Utility Executives, including the presidents of the eighteen largest utility holding companies. To its expenses they contributed at the beginning about \$151,000, on the basis of half a cent for each electric meter controlled by each group. Further assessments were made. It was formed in the offices of the Edison Electric Institute, the trade association of the industry. One of the first things it did was to engage the services of two of the largest law firms in the country—Sullivan and Cromwell, and Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett. A fee of \$75,000 was paid to each firm, not by the Committee, but by the Edison Electric Institute. The Committee also engaged one of the leading publicity concerns, Ivy Lee and T. J. Ross, paying it \$5,000 a month and expenses. To round out its staff, it engaged three economists and statisticians—F. R. Macauley, David Friday and Professor S. T. Bullock of Harvard. It had expenses for offices, printing, secretarial employees, etc. Thus it was prepared with the ablest talent that could be hired for legal advice, strategy, publicity service and economic analysis.

The Executives' Committee was perfectly frank, in the investigation, about its activities. The interest under attack was merely doing its best to defend itself, and since it could command ample resources that best was very good indeed. The witnesses stoutly maintained that they did not do any questionable lobbying. They prepared arguments and submitted them to the Senate Committee that had the bill in charge. They sent informative material to Senators and Representatives. They prepared and distributed publicity. They inserted in publications advertisements stating their point of view. When asked if he thought it proper to spend so much money to influence legislation, Mr. Gadsden replied, "I think there are two classes of lobbies. One is a group that comes down here seeking to get some personal selfish advantage out of the gov-

ernment in preference to the other taxpayers. I think the other is a group like myself, that comes down here to do what they can to resist the effort of their government to destroy their property." This property was continually referred to as a "twelve-billion-dollar industry." Surely to protect one's property is the right of an American!

But what the Executives' Committee did directly was not half the story—or even more than a tenth of it. It merely acted as the center for the constituent groups, who were encouraged to go ahead on their own account. "You see," said Mr. Gadsden, "our committee is composed of members of eighteen groups, and each group would look after its own territory. As the chairman, of course, I was not in contact with them, but they would take whatever steps they thought were proper and advisable to arouse public interest in the state or district on this bill." The Executives' Committee gave suggestions to the constituent bodies. It prepared letters, publicity, advertising for them. It let them do most of the lobbying and arousing of public sentiment. It was later discovered that the total amount spent to defeat this one bill was in excess of \$3,500,000—more than an entire presidential campaign fund usually amounts to.

That the electric utilities were already aware of the importance of political activity in local regions is indicated by an editorial entitled "Light up with Politics," appearing in *The Electrical World* on October 14, 1933, which read in part:

It is very evident that the utility business is in politics. . . . Present political influences are destructive to private ownership and operation and favorable to public ownership and operation. . . . This means that the utilities must take political action. . . . It means a strong organization based upon political competency. . . . It means definite political action in the political arena. . . . Every executive or manager in each community . . . must come to know intimately the present municipal officials and state and national legislators, also those who will attain these political positions in the future. . . . Each employee of the manufacturing, wholesaling, contracting and retailing branches of the electrical industry must be enrolled and put to work. . . . They must be told how to be effective but non-partisan political workers. . . . Add to these elements publicity, advertising, fact-finding and other essentials of a good political organization and one gains a conception of the magnitude and complexity of the task confronting the utilities and the industry. . . . If the actions outlined are undertaken on each property for each local community the national situation will take care of itself; it is the district organizations that win elections. What needs to be done is to staff each local property with political executives and permit them to build their political fences. . . . Utilities should translate public service into political service also by taking local action adequate to meet present needs.

The decentralized activities were harder to trace. What the utility executives really tried to do was not so much to bring their own pressure directly to bear on Congress as representatives of their own

interest, but to give Congress the impression that multitudes outside the inner group were opposed to the bill as a matter of public policy. Local companies sent prominent citizens to Washington to influence Congressmen whom they knew. Mr. Gadsden was asked, "You insisted, did you not, that they bring everybody here they could bring here who was close to a Congressman or Senator, from their state?" He replied, "I certainly did." "And you did not bring those people here because they knew more about the bill than you did, did you?" "No," answered Mr. Gadsden, "they could not know more about it than I did." Later he amplified, "My conception is that a Congressman wants to know what the sentiment of his constituents is, and if a prominent business man can come here and say, 'John' or 'Jim, you had better watch out, the sentiment has changed in your district and your constituents are opposed to this bill,' he is very apt to listen to him." But of course nobody was brought by the utilities from districts where sentiment was strongly for the bill. Mr. Gadsden so advised the local agents. "That would be nugatory," he said.

As the testimony showed, the case was presented to these amateur local advocates for the holding companies in somewhat misleading terms. The bill really was aimed, not at the "twelve-billion-dollar industry," but at the small minority controlling the holding companies that exploited the industry. It was aimed, not at the investors, but at the promoters who had milked the investors in the process of using their money for the insiders' gain. Nevertheless it was universally represented by the Executives' Committee as an attack on one of the greatest industries of the country, as an assault on investors, as a threat to private enterprise in general.

"For whose benefit," asked Senator Schwollenbach of Mr. U. E. Beach, manager of the securities department of the Associated Gas and Electric system, "was this campaign costing \$700,000 put on?" (The \$700,000 was spent by this one system.) "I would say for the security holders," replied Mr. Beach. "What good," continued Senator Schwollenbach, "does any stockholder get out of it, if the stock is not worth anything now?" Mr. Beach protested, "It is worth something." And the colloquy continued as follows:

- Q. It has never earned any dividends.
- A. You can sell it and get something for it.
- Q. What can you get?
- A. If I recall, the last price was about 50 cents.
- Q. I paid \$49 for it.
- A. You paid \$49, yourself?
- Q. Yes.

That seemed to clinch the point. Most of the possible damage to investors had already been done, not by the bill, but under the administration of the men whom the bill sought to curb. And it was brought out that the \$700,000 would have paid a solid dividend—perhaps three percent. Utility men were generally somewhat vague as to where

the money came from to defeat the law. In some cases it was charged to operating expenses—and then, as the Senators carefully pointed out, it went into the consumers' bills. In some cases it was said to come from profits or surplus—but if so, as the Senators asked, what good did the real investors get out of it? The witnesses did not like these awkward questions. "The industry," they charged, was being "persecuted."

Everyone will remember the strange story uncovered through the shrewdness of Hon. Davis J. Driscoll, Congressman from the Twentieth Pennsylvania district. Like many House members, he was being snowed under by telegrams opposed to the bill. On the 27 and 28th of June, 1935, he received 816 messages. His attention was attracted to two facts: first, that he did not know most of the signers; second, that a large number were signed with names beginning with the first few letters of the alphabet. Out of the 816 signatures, 114 began with B. He wrote to a few whom he did know, and discovered that they had never sent the telegrams. Others had come from persons who could not be traced. Inquiry showed that an agent of the Associated Gas and Electric system, under orders to "develop" at least a thousand telegrams against the bill from this district, had dictated the messages in the telegraph office, signing them with names out of a directory. The copies of these messages mysteriously disappeared out of the Western Union files; they seem to have been burned by some unidentified person. Of course Mr. Gadsden and the Executives' Committee would never have suggested such a foolish procedure as this. But the telegraph companies did inform their employees that a large number of messages on this bill would be "developed," and that the lucrative business was to be promoted. Messenger boys and utility employees were sent out all over the country to get people to authorize their signatures to telegrams. The people who signed the telegrams often did not pay for them. The quality of the information on which they sometimes acted was revealed by Messenger Danielson, who "developed" telegrams from his mother, a boy friend and a neighbor machinist—none of them utility stockholders. "I explained the Wheeler-Rayburn bill," said Mr. Danielson. "What did you tell them?" "By the Western Union I was told that if the bill went through, the utility companies would be in the hands of big men." "You went to your friend and machinist and others and told them you were against the big men having it?" "Yes." Danielson had never read the bill, had never seen it.

Letters sent to stockholders were not so brashly contrary to the truth as this, but they were misleading. And many local public officials who opposed the bill did so because they were informed it would permit the federal government to invade the realm of states and local communities in rate regulation, although as a matter of fact it did not do so, merely establishing federal control of interstate sales of power, hitherto unregulated.

Advertisements were published in many papers. But, on the whole, the newspaper owners needed little encouragement to rally to the defense of the utility holding companies against the "death sentence." This effort to curb financial racketeering, essentially an attempt to police capitalism in the interest of common honesty and efficiency, was almost universally attacked as a socialistic measure, aimed against thrift and enterprise.

No such campaign was waged in behalf of the bill. The consumers were unorganized, and so were the small investors—except by the utility heads. It was charged, however, by those partisan to the holding companies, that the government itself was improperly "lobbying." This line of attack even went so far as to suggest that no member of the executive department should be allowed to appear before Congress in behalf of legislation! The President, in his advocacy of the bill, was accused of acting as a dictator. The voters who had elected him were thought to have no right to express their will through him, as opposed to the rights of those who raised \$3,500,000 to protect their "property."

MINOR LEAGUES

Security Owners.—One of the bodies actively interested in legislation of various kinds was called the National Security Owners' Association. Questioning of Mr. Robert S. Smith of that association brought out reluctant testimony to the following effect. Members of Congress were invited to his house, where legislation was discussed. The Association received \$2,000 from the Washington Water Power Company at Spokane, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Corporation (this contributor denied in answer to a questionnaire that it had made any contribution "to any association or groups of persons to be used, directly or indirectly, in connection with affecting or influencing federal legislation"), \$8,000 from the Puget Sound Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of Stone and Webster, \$2,000 from the Pacific Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company, \$1,250 from The California-Oregon Power Company, a subsidiary of Standard Gas and Electric, and large amounts from other utility companies in California and elsewhere. The Congressmen who visited Mr. Smith's house were not told these facts. The Association was supposed to represent individual investors who paid a dollar a year. During 1934, it received \$27,000 from utility companies in the states of Oregon and Washington, and about \$6,000 from dollar-a-year members in those states. Its literature, sent out to attract members and to stimulate pressure on Representatives and Senators, said nothing about the utility contributions. On the other hand, the pamphlets bore the names of respected individual citizens—orchardists and the like. After the Supreme Court decision invalidating the N.R.A., Mr. Smith sent a long telegram to Mr. Frank Post of the Washing-

ton Power Company, speculating at length concerning its effect on various measures, and saying, "All unbiased observers agree New Deal program in general and brain trusters in particular have been dealt a body blow, which will have sobering and important legislative effects." Mr. Smith later became chairman of the National Conference of Investors.

Taxpayers.—The American Taxpayers' League was described by its manager, Mr. J. A. Arnold. At the time of the inquiry it had between 2,500 and 3,000 members, paying dues of \$10 a year. In addition, however, it received larger contributions—some of them \$1,000 or more—from utility and industrial concerns, or persons prominent in them, such as Columbia Gas and Electric, Andrew W. Mellon, Delaware and Hudson Company, A. B. Dick Company, William Wrigley Jr., National Casket Company, Herbert L. Pratt, Koppers Company (the list of contributors covers more than two pages of small type). Some of them were also contributors to the Liberty League.

Mr. Arnold stated that the American Taxpayers' League was "on the radio for seventy-seven weeks. And making the nation tax-conscious was what we started out to do." Mr. Arnold was particularly concerned about making the nation conscious of the A.A.A. processing taxes. He had previously been head of the Southern Tariff Association, the purpose of which was to promote the protective tariff, especially in the South, where sentiment for it always had been weakest. Mr. Arnold testified that he still believed in tariff protection. "Did you make people conscious of the indirect tax levied by a tariff?" asked Senator Minton. "I did not mention the tariff at the time," answered Mr. Arnold, after sparring.

Mr. Arnold, seeking publicity, wrote a public letter to Mr. J. P. Morgan, complimenting him on his interview against high taxation, and alleging that a loaf of bread was taxed fifty-three times before it reached the consumer. The letter did not mention the fact that Mr. Morgan had not paid income taxes for several years.

The Taxpayers' League for weeks used both the National Broadcasting Company and the New York Hearst station, WINS, without paying anything for the privilege. Mr. Arnold was asked about his relations with Mr. Bainbridge Colby, Hearst attorney. He denied that Mr. Colby had helped him. His telegrams and records, he said, had been "thrown away." The Committee then read him this telegram, sent by him to Mr. Colby on March 9, 1935. "Will be in New York Monday. Think it important that we enroll at least 10,000 members within a very few days. The support you are giving it demands that sort of a base."—One begins to understand Mr. Hearst's sensitiveness about publicity given to telegrams, his vigorous defense against what he maintained was unconstitutional search and seizure.

The Tax League has a history of several years; it extends back into Republican administrations, during which it raised even more money than recently. Mr. Arnold then collected about a million dollars in five years. Mr. Kirby, of Texas, more recently connected with the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, concerning which we shall learn something later, was for a time vice president of the Tax League.

In general, the program of the League was to encourage sales taxes—it claimed responsibility for passage of sales taxes in Illinois and Mississippi—and to work for reduction, or even complete removal, of taxes on corporate profits and large incomes and estates, for repeal of the gift tax, for repeal of publicity provisions on income taxes. It wanted the government to “stop spending and stop taxing.” As Senator Minton put it to Mr. Arnold, “You were in favor of taking all these taxes off the big fellows and putting a sales tax on a loaf of bread.” In this effort the League received valiant assistance not only from the radio, but from prominent newspaper owners, including both Mr. Hearst and Colonel Robert McCormick. It coöperated with the American Legion, the Sentinels of the Republic and four or five other organizations in planning a Constitution Day Convention in Philadelphia. It had some undefined connection with Governor Talmadge of Georgia, who made a campaign to oppose the President within the Democratic party on a program of income-tax repeal.

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France Looks to Spain

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“Ah, comrade, there are friends of Spain, no?”

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They smile. Everyone smiles. Over and over again the chant: “*Les soviets partout, les soviets partout.*” Everyone is encircled by a group of new-found friends. They talk to each other: their family, their work and, most important of all, Spain. They smile. But it's not the smile of the Fourteenth of July. In these few days it has become more grave, a little slower; surer. Spain: what is to be done?

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Hilario Arlandis first: “Spain will remain free. Her people will crush the fascist mercenaries. Our struggle is your struggle. France of the People's Front must help!” The applause crashes through the vast hall.

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Friday evening, July 31, Chamber of Deputies: M. Yvon Delbos declares that France would be perfectly justified in sending arms to the government of Spain, but for reasons of "doctrine and humanity" refrains from so doing. This statement in no way prevents Dommenge from insinuating that the Spanish government will shortly be in the hands of Franco. "Would it not be criminal to add to his present hatred of France by sending arms to the Communists of Spain? Nor has General Mola any great affection for us. Is it not dangerous to give them still further reason for aligning their forces against us? Besides, all the world knows that they are fighting the sovietization of Spain." The abject words of the fascist rouse the Chamber to fury. There is such hubbub that he is obliged to withdraw.

On August first *Le Jour* of Léon Bailby publishes in its columns these three statements:

1. "One must regret the incident of the three Italian airplanes sent to General Franco. Neutrality as regards Spain must be general and complete." (Regrettable, perhaps, that the planes didn't arrive?)

2. "The attitude of the government of Italy remains unchanged: strict neutrality. However, it is evident that the sympathies of everyone are with the anti-Marxist rebels."

3. "The misfortune suffered by Italian planes sent to General Franco has just revealed to us that *certain* Italian circles excited by the attitude of the French government have decided to join the dance. But not on our side." (All too true that certain Italian circles were excited by the attitude of too strict neutrality observed by the French government. The obvious conclusion was drawn, that France would not interfere with any Italian initiative. This is just the reverse of what *Le Jour* implies.)

The French press has always been venal, but now it gives voice to treason. How long before the events of Spain will be repeated here?

Twenty-two years have gone by since August 4, 1914. And now everyone in Paris is again asking, when will the war come? Perhaps after the Olympic Games, perhaps after the Locarno Conference, perhaps not till next year. Sometime soon the steady and ignominious retreat of France and England from Ethiopia, from Danzig, from Austria, from Spain, will have to come to a stop. When that day comes will the bold front of Mussolini and Hitler crumple into willing submissiveness? Not likely. The humiliation of the democratic powers has almost reached its limit, and so, too, the arrogance of Germany and Italy. What will be the end? Spain is the answer. If the troops of General Franco defeat the workers of Spain it will be only a question of time before the reactionary forces of France unleash the same offensive. And, supported by Hitler and Mussolini, the issue cannot remain in doubt. England will wait to see until it is too late. Fascist Europe will then turn on Soviet Russia. They themselves will be consumed in the division of spoils, and the civilization of Europe, for what it is worth at the present moment, will disappear.

If the workers in Spain are victorious, the prophecy of Lenin that she was to be the second workers' republic of Europe will be fulfilled. There is some hope then. The internal difficulties of the two fascist regimes are leading them closer to the abyss. Maybe they will totter into it before the propitious moment for war arrives. A meager hope, but the only one.

If the government of Léon Blum remains fixed to the strictest interpretation of international law while permitting its flagrant disregard by Germany and Italy in the matter of supplying arms to Spain, the government will surely have cause for bitter regret. Yvon Delbos, Camille Chautemps, and George Bonnet threatened to resign if Blum, Cot, Daladier, and Monnet persisted in their design to furnish arms to Spain. The point was carried. France receives the assurance of Italy and Germany that they will not intervene; she accepts humbly their tacit warning "hands off"; she reads that airplanes, munitions, machine guns bearing the fascio and the swastika are being used to butcher the workers of Spain; she knows that her own fate is in the balance. What will be her answer?

Paris.

R. W. WILEY.

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"Airplanes for Spain. Airplanes for Spain."

The Internationale swells again gigantically. The people pour into the street. Cool, summer night air. A walk down the Champs-Élysées—avoiding the Etoile, happy hunting ground of the Croix de Feu; as foolhardy to wear the red eglantine there as in the Piazza Venezia—past the luxurious cafés, the restaurants, the sumptuous automobiles, the elegant demi-mondaines who scarcely deign to notice the passing *salopards*, so absorbed are they in pursuit of the minions of de la Rocque.

Friday evening, July 31, Chamber of Deputies: M. Yvon Delbos declares that France would be perfectly justified in sending arms to the government of Spain, but for reasons of "doctrine and humanity" refrains from so doing. This statement in no way prevents Dommange from insinuating that the Spanish government will shortly be in the hands of Franco. "Would it not be criminal to add to his present hatred of France by sending arms to the Communists of Spain? Nor has General Mola any great affection for us. Is it not dangerous to give them still further reason for aligning their forces against us? Besides, all the world knows that they are fighting the sovietization of Spain." The abject words of the fascist rouse the Chamber to fury. There is such hubbub that he is obliged to withdraw.

On August first Le Jour of Léon Bailby publishes in its columns these three statements:

1. "One must regret the incident of the three Italian airplanes sent to General Franco. Neutrality as regards Spain must be general and complete." (Regrettable, perhaps, that the planes didn't arrive?)

2. "The attitude of the government of Italy remains unchanged: strict neutrality. However, it is evident that the sympathies of everyone are with the anti-Marxist rebels."

3. "The misfortune suffered by Italian planes sent to General Franco has just revealed to us that *certain* Italian circles excited by the attitude of the French government have decided to join the dance. But not on our side." (All too true that certain Italian circles were excited by the attitude of too strict neutrality observed by the French government. The obvious conclusion was drawn, that France would not interfere with any Italian initiative. This is just the reverse of what Le Jour implies.)

The French press has always been venal, but now it gives voice to treason. How long before the events of Spain will be repeated here?

Twenty-two years have gone by since August 4, 1914. And now everyone in Paris is again asking, when will the war come? Perhaps after the Olympic Games, perhaps after the Locarno Conference, perhaps not till next year. Sometime soon the steady and ignominious retreat of France and England from Ethiopia, from Danzig, from Austria, from Spain, will have to come to a stop. When that day comes will the bold front of Mussolini and Hitler crumple into willing submissiveness? Not likely. The humiliation of the democratic powers has almost reached its limit, and so, too, the arrogance of Germany and Italy. What will be the end? Spain is the answer. If the troops of General Franco defeat the workers of Spain it will be only a question of time before the reactionary forces of France unleash the same offensive. And, supported by Hitler and Mussolini, the issue cannot remain in doubt. England will wait to see until it is too late. Fascist Europe will then turn on Soviet Russia. They themselves will be consumed in the division of spoils, and the civilization of Europe, for what it is worth at the present moment, will disappear.

If the workers in Spain are victorious, the prophecy of Lenin that she was to be the second workers' republic of Europe will be fulfilled. There is some hope then. The internal difficulties of the two fascist regimes are leading them closer to the abyss. Maybe they will totter into it before the propitious moment for war arrives. A meager hope, but the only one.

If the government of Léon Blum remains fixed to the strictest interpretation of international law while permitting its flagrant disregard by Germany and Italy in the matter of supplying arms to Spain, the government will surely have cause for bitter regret. Yvon Delbos, Camille Chautemps, and George Bonnet threatened to resign if Blum, Cot, Daladier, and Monnet persisted in their design to furnish arms to Spain. The point was carried. France receives the assurance of Italy and Germany that they will not intervene; she accepts humbly their tacit warning "hands off"; she reads that airplanes, munitions, machine guns bearing the fascio and the swastika are being used to butcher the workers of Spain; she knows that her own fate is in the balance. What will be her answer?

Paris.

R. W. WILEY.

Van Wyck Brooks

IN FEBRUARY, on the sixteenth, Van Wyck Brooks was fifty years old. We think of it with some uneasiness. We have grown so accustomed to identifying him with the younger men who have carried on the work he began and the critical spirit he initiated, that we are astonished to learn he has actually lived through half a century. At the same time, we find it remarkable that the man who has so profoundly influenced a whole generation of critics is *only* fifty. Perhaps our sudden realization that he is both older than we thought and younger than he should be, is the real measure of his position in American letters.

It was exactly twenty-one years ago that his voice, powerful despite its gentleness, urbanity and patience, became significant in the councils of criticism. In that year, in a volume entitled "America's Coming-of-Age," he made certain observations on American literature and asked certain questions about the future of American culture that were startling to a people habitually determined upon treasuring the former and saluting the latter. He was not the first to trouble the waters. Before him there had been Boyesen, Peck, Pollard, Spingarn, Huneker, and, above all, the Masses group led by Floyd Dell. In their different ways and in greater or lesser degree, each had contributed to the intellectual ferment that threatened to destroy the community's values in the realm of art. But Brooks was not a "foreigner," not a Catholic, not a Jew, not a Westerner, not a radical, not even simply a New Yorker corrupted by those alien influences. He was a Yankee of Protestant descent who had been graduated from Harvard. That was the important thing. He was a native, brought up in the traditional home of our dearest literary heritage. Its past was in his bones, its spirit was his spirit. Yet he turned against it. His turning was not merely a skirmish; he was not satisfied with picking inadequacies and pointing to desirable adventures. He wrestled with the whole of American culture, with its literature and philosophy and their relation to the society they came from, and he did so in the very language of his subject. *His* conclusions, ironical, subtly contemptuous, but ultimately inspiring, could not be repudiated on the ground that he was incapable of understanding the things he dealt with.

He was a brilliant youth, but "America's Coming-of-Age" was not an immaculate conception. He had plowed the ground for its growth. Seven years before, he had published a little book called "The Wine of the Puritans" in which he had examined (although without arriving at a final decision) some of the issues that became his lifelong preoccupation. Then had come his studies of Symonds and Wells and a collection of essays on European writers,

three books in which he dwelt upon figures who were products of a richer, older and presumably freer civilization than ours, yet whose lives illuminated the problems *we* faced. When Brooks turned again to the mind of his own country, he knew exactly what he wanted.

As a practising critic, he wanted more than anything else a great literature made "out of American life"—a literature that would constitute the soul of his people, at once born of the race's spiritual experiences and upholding those experiences for the race to live by. Only Whitman, of the classics, could be accepted in the light of such an ideal, he said. In all the others—Hawthorne, Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Poe—"something has always been wanting . . . a certain density, weight and richness, a certain poignancy, a 'something far more deeply interfused,' is simply not there."

Having said so much, Brooks went deeper—to the civilization which created that literature. (For literary criticism, he said elsewhere, "is always impelled sooner or later to become social criticism . . . because the future of our literature and art depends upon the wholesale reconstruction of a social life all the elements of which are as if united in a sort of conspiracy against the growth and freedom of the spirit.") And about that civilization, that way of thought, he could say little or nothing that might flatter the intellectual jingoes. He wrote: "From the beginning we find two main currents in the American mind—both equally unsocial: on the one hand, the transcendental current, originating in the piety of the Puritans, becoming a philosophy in Jonathan Edwards, passing through Emerson, producing the fastidious refinement and aloofness of the chief American writers, and resulting in the final unreality of most contemporary culture; and on the other hand the current of catch-penny opportunism, originating in the practical shifts of Puritan life, becoming a philosophy in Franklin, passing through the American humorists, and resulting in the atmosphere of our contemporary business life."

It was true in its time, and utterly damning, and it was sufficient to make his book extremely important. But not even then was his thesis complete, for he was courageous enough to confront the end of his reasoning and honest enough to state it. Since it was the American mind, American culture, society, that was the source of our failures and frustrations in literature, it was necessary to put forth a new social ideal—one "that shall work upon us as the sun acts upon a photographic plate, that shall work as a magnet upon all these energies which are on the point of being released"—an ideal that

would fuse matter and spirit into an "organic whole." Simply and briefly, self-fulfilment as an ideal had to be substituted for self-assertion. "On the economic plane, this implies socialism; on every other plane it implies something which a majority of Americans in our day certainly do not possess—an object in living."

But this, after all, is an old and rather dull story, you may say. Precisely: and because you have said it you have shown how deeply his theory has penetrated into our literary thinking. It was not an old story when he first told it. Leon Kellner's history of American literature was published that same year (1915); Mencken's essay on "Puritanism as a Literary Force," in "A Book of Prefaces," was not published until 1917; Waldo Frank's "Our America" was published in 1920. Consider again the points made by Mr. Brooks in the course of his argument: America's esthetic taste, after a hundred and fifty years, was still immature, its belles lettres still afflicted with pernicious anemia; the reasons for these conditions lay in the Puritan and pioneer traditions, the springs of an excessively utilitarian and commercial environment; the artist could function in that environment only by escaping to an ethereal private world or by conforming to the artifices and duplicities of convention, neither of which was a happy choice; and no other way out existed than the way toward collectivism.

Now, it is not my contention that any of these points was "original" or "revolutionary." The utilitarian character of American life was damned for its strangling effect upon our literature many times by many writers in the nineteenth century; indeed, a glance in that direction was made as long ago as 1799 by Charles Brockden Brown. Certainly the union in one man of an interest in and application of literary and social criticism was not unique: William Dean Howells, to take an obvious example, had occasionally approximated it. Nor was he alone in his belief in socialism as the prerequisite of a great art in the twentieth century: Upton Sinclair had said the same thing before and Floyd Dell was saying it now and saying it better, more persistently, and more vigorously. But who before Brooks, in a study of American literature and culture, had united all those elements so clearly, cogently and persuasively? And who else, in the years just before and during the World War, had so accurately keyed the pitch of his argument to the *Zeitgeist*?

The time was the Wilsonian era, the period of the "New Freedom," when one could justly say, as Brooks himself said, that "a fresh and more sensitive emotion seems to be running up and down the old Yankee backbone." In the space of a brief essay it is difficult to describe the scene. But surely the reader will recall that the rise of finance capitalism had been accompanied by the rise of a strong labor movement; that the spreading psychology of imperialism following the war with Spain had been

balanced by a growing social idealism; that urbanization, wealth, leisure and contact with recent intellectual movements in Europe had hastened the disappearance of provincialism and the bourgeois prudery misnamed Puritanism; and that consequently many developments that were pleasant, even exhilarating, to intelligent and cultivated people had been stimulated—notably, a renaissance in poetry, a new militancy in feminism and a rather curious acceptance of the Socialist Party in respectable circles. It need hardly be demonstrated that Mr. Brooks's work was a perfect and glowing expression, in criticism, of the temper of those years.

To say that he fitted his age is in no way to detract from his accomplishment. It is to say only that the age was ready for him, for his sentiments were such as belong to rebels and idealists always. The particular ideas in which his sentiments were embodied could not have exercised so great an influence before then, but they have since become the *minimum* platform of liberal and radical writers, who, it happens, have consistently formed the "younger" generation of critics. In a sense, he had nothing more to say, except to refine, strengthen and at last systematize his principles. In one respect he had overstated his position: modern American literature was not really so barren as he would have had us believe. Dreiser had already published his masterpieces. In another respect he had understated it: the broad tendencies he described and judged were too generalized and inclusive. The history of American society is not a simple, continuous line, but a complex of conflicts, tensions, and resulting progressions. It was essential that Mr. Brooks analyze the charted streams into their obscure but definitely separate currents in order to clarify the points of agreement and disagreement between diverse groups of artists and philosophers in the past as well as the present. Otherwise he might be accused of distorting a reality that was damnable enough without distortions.

If we may be allowed for a moment to project the experience of the 1930's into 1918, we may see at once that his next book, "Letters and Leadership," was not quite the work anticipated. It was unquestionably a brilliant performance; it is probably the most effective piece of writing he has yet given us. But it marked an advance in style, not thought, in polish, not analysis. It did neither of the two things it should have done: it did not dig into the subsoil of American history, in which might lie the completed explanation of the contradictions in our cultural evolution, nor did it apply Mr. Brooks's known point of view to the writings of living men, which might explain the value and destination of contemporary thought. It referred to Dreiser and the "Spoon River Anthology" of Masters only to use them as illustrations of the gracelessness and cruelty of American life—references that tended to overlook the vast creative energy and the rebellious outlook inherent in both men. It

castigated More, Babbitt and Brownell, but failed to place them, failed to interpret them. For the rest, it was an enlarged and bolder treatment of the residual theme of "America's Coming-of-Age," a study of the hollowness of our literature, the shapelessness of our culture, the grossness of our life. There was but one additional note: a new emphasis on "leadership," on the need for "a race of artists, profound and sincere," who would bring us "face to face with our own experience and set working in that experience the leaven of the highest culture. For it is exalted desires that give their validity to revolutions, and exalted desires take form only in exalted souls."

It was a superlative statement of the liberal idealist's philosophy. Its impassioned call for a "collective spiritual life" was both humane and eloquent, and its eloquence was all the more remarkable in that the author's delicate, lucid prose managed also to be firm and incisive. To be sure, that hint of distortion we found in the previous book was here too, aggravated perhaps by Mr. Brooks's insistence that artists inspire men to find salvation "from within," but there was so much truth in the sermon, so much gravity in the plea, that such objections would have seemed picayune if they had been made.

Ours is hindsight, of course, but the fact remains that they would not have been picayune. To look inward in the search for either origins or solutions of social and cultural phenomena is apparently fatal. In the public, not the private, world reside the forces whereby a community's cultural pattern may be altered. The will of the individual derives its authority from the needs of masses, not from a personal vision of the Good and Beautiful. It was Mr. Brooks's error that he pondered overmuch on the brute strength of men as compared with the frailties of man. By so doing he came gradually, no doubt unconsciously, to concentrate upon the effort required of the individual to lift himself out of the morass. This in turn led him to an acutely sorrowful pity for the artist in his tragic dilemma. We are now, I believe, discussing an attitude that is downright unhealthy for a social critic.

In an essay on "The Literary Life in America," published in 1921, the reader may find some indications of the change in Brooks. It put forth nothing substantially different from the burden of the two books we have just examined; the difference was solely one of tone. The piece was tinged with despair, its apparently defiant conclusion speaking not for the nation but for the few sensitive intellectuals who retained an urge to independent creative activity. We may grant that there was ample reason for despair if we pause to recall what America was like in the years 1918-21. The Wilson catastrophe, the horrible vulgarity of Babbitt triumphant and prosperous, the Red hunts and the steel strike—these must have left their mark on him. Justified or not, however, I submit that he was yielding to an unfortunate emotion.

We saw it functioning in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" the year before, and again, and more intensely, in 1925 in "The Pilgrimage of Henry James." It is unnecessary to elaborate on the themes of these biographical critiques. They are well known, they have been written about frequently. In essence they are applications of this familiar thesis to the study of single writers. It was his notion that both were frustrated by the American environment. Twain stayed at home and compromised with the conventions and tastes of the "gilded age," and hence lost his soul. He suppressed the best in himself, suffered, grew embittered and even impotent. In another environment he would have been one of the great satirists of all time. James, on the other hand, fled to Europe, "and the uprooting withered and wasted his genius." The moral, in brief, is that the artist is inevitably thwarted by American life, directly if he stays here, indirectly (by depriving him of the nourishment to be gotten from one's own soil) if he departs.

It is difficult nowadays to deny that there was a palpable distortion of reality in these biographies. Bernard De Voto's "Mark Twain's America" has convinced most of us that Twain was exactly what he was meant to be. Whatever else De Voto's book contains, it demonstrates that Huck Finn's creator was *not* frustrated and that what genius he possessed found expression. He wrote numerous bad books because that was the kind of mind and background he had, and his two or three excellent books were also written because of that mind and background. If he had been different he would not have been Mark Twain. In short, Mr. Brooks exaggerated his potentialities. As for James, no one can prove anything, yet recent treatises have made us thoroughly dissatisfied with Mr. Brooks's theory. Crucial questions are still unanswered. Was James, after all, untrue to himself? Was he so American in character that he had to wither through absence from America? Was he not cosmopolite from youth? And did he not write what he wanted to write? In short, we suspect that Mr. Brooks minimized James's achievements.

Here we see the consequence of introspection upon his esthetic judgments as well as his social interests. His attention was shifting from the latter, his mood warping (no matter how minutely) the former. In the Twain book we read that "an environment as coercive as ours" obliges us "to endow it with the majesty of destiny itself in order to save our own faces!" In the James book we perceive Mr. Brooks lamenting over the fate of the first novelist "to present the plight of the highly personalized human being in the primitive community." Introspection is an indispensable critical instrument. The critic can discover the meaning and effect of a work of art only in himself, but he can give his discoveries the weight of universality and the aura of truth only by holding them to the light of historical social values. To slight the second process is to slight the rail of science that parallels the rail of

poetry in the line of criticism. It is therefore not surprising that Mr. Brooks's prose was no longer "firm and incisive." It was elegiac. Softness is evident on every page of the book on James. Waldo Frank complained once of "a petulant delight in pain."

Pain, sorrow, despair—they are seldom permanent. Sometimes from their distillation comes the impersonal passion by which prophets are seized. More often what comes out of them is the calm, lightly melancholy adjustment that is akin to resignation. There is no other way to describe Brooks's "Life of Emerson" (1932). It was intended to complement the James and Twain studies in so far as it would portray an American writer who neither compromised nor fled, yet was able to live in joy and harmony with his environment. It was not, however, a critical or a psychological or a social study. It was a recreation of Emerson's life in his own words. How, then, could it give us the truth about Emerson's world and his place in it? It couldn't, and the reader who puts it down thinking it has enabled him to understand Emerson is mistaken.

From our point of view, the implications of this revery—for that is what the book is—bear exclusively upon Brooks's relation to the critical movement of which he was the father. He had now no relation to it whatever, except a reminiscent one. That this is a continuing phase is proved by his new book, "The Flowering of New England." It is written in the same manner and the same temper as the Emerson "biography." The writing is superb, the images it evokes are memorable—but it is purely description and narrative, and it indicates that its author has turned to scholarly story-telling. If he

finds peace and pleasure in so doing, we must be glad, for no man deserves them more, and we must voice quietly our regret that he is not still an inspiring leader.

Today the position he has occupied in modern criticism is sufficiently clear to warrant our "fixing" him for future historians. He has been the most influential critic of the past twenty years. His early work was the principal factor in the erection of the lofty cultural standards that have encouraged the rise of a mature, serious, philosophical criticism. The effect of his later work was not so praiseworthy, for it led to the embittered subjectivity of such books as Lewis Mumford's "Melville" and Matthew Josephson's "Portrait of the Artist as American." (Both men, by the way, have since rejected that mood.) In any event, for good or bad, something of Brooks has seeped into almost every American critic under fifty (including even the Marxist, Granville Hicks). There is no better testimony to his fine mind, his exquisite taste, his integrity and unselfishness. That he has taken to blaming "human nature in general" for the faults he formerly and correctly attributed to society, is not (as it usually is) a sign of egotism, but a result of his withdrawal from the battle. No man ever wanted less for himself and more for his fellow men.

BERNARD SMITH.

This is the second article in a series of Revaluations. The third, by Newton Arvin, will deal with Carl Sandburg.

Van Wyck Brooks's new book, "The Flowering of New England," is reviewed at length on page 79 of this issue.—THE EDITORS.

Father Coughlin's Children

SOME TEN thousand followers of Father Coughlin came to Cleveland's public auditorium last week—twenty thousand to his Sunday mass-meeting in the Cleveland Stadium—and went partially insane. They indulged in cries, shrieks, moans, rolling of the eyes and brandishing of the arms that—performed in their own family circles—would have caused their relatives to summon ambulances. In their parades in the convention hall, their object was to gain the head of the center aisle, the point closest to Father Coughlin, and there hundreds of them would stand, with uncanny, glassy stares and shaking from head to foot, until they were brushed aside by the ravenous idolators behind them.

Most observers agreed the emotional pitch was higher even than at the Townsend orgy here a month ago. The Townsend leaders were split, and the old folks became troubled by the opposing oratory. In this meeting, the scarlet-cheeked Father

shone alone. During three days, there was one vote cast against the Coughlin program, by a stubborn, white-faced, obviously terror-stricken Pennsylvania Irishman, Mr. John H. O'Donnell. With great showmanship, Coughlin brought O'Donnell to the platform, announced that he was the sole dissenter among 8,153 registered delegates and alternates, and sent him away under police escort, amid blood-curdling howls from the crowd.

Father Coughlin came to Cleveland—came by lake boat with a staff of more than thirty secretaries, stenographers and young male staff workers—visibly uncertain of himself. He repeatedly apologized for having called the President "Franklin Double-Crossing Roosevelt" before the Townsends, and nervously evaded reports that he had been reprimanded by Rome. He hinted at "treachery" among his followers. Three days of uninterrupted frenzy pumped back courage into him. In the midst of the convention's demonstration for

Messrs. Lemke and O'Brien, he popped from his high-backed, brocaded chair, came and squatted among the footlights at the platform's edge. "If I can't deliver my radio audience—and that's 9,000,000 voters—if I can't deliver them for Lemke and O'Brien in November, I'm through," he told the press. "I'll be a washout, and I'll quit broadcasting."

Framed by the tangle of sound-picture and radio apparatus on the platform, Coughlin appeared thickset, remarkably youthful looking. He has a broad low forehead, heavy, aggressive features, and wears rimless spectacles. His face is completely lineless. It is not properly fat, but rather appears perpetually swollen, with the hard, bright, crimson surface of skin just after an insect bite—possibly an indication of glandular unbalance. He is elegantly turned out, very high Roman collar, well cut and well pressed clothes. He wears a wrist watch held by heavy gold links, and inch-square gold cuff buttons. His accent shows anxious cultivation. He has an "a" so broad that it is almost indistinguishable—except when he forgets and it reverts to Middle-West flatness.

Nothing in the convention gives a wholly clear indication of his ultimate objective. However, perhaps his closest friend—dining with him in his hotel suite and riding with him to the convention hall, was Mr. Frank Keelon—foreign-exchange broker of New York City, a tubby little man with blue jowls. Mr. Keelon first knew Coughlin in Toronto, when he was eleven and Coughlin seventeen. Subsequently they lost track of each other, Mr. Keelon explains, until Father Coughlin began his broadcasting. Since a foreign-exchange specialist comes nearest to being a money changer—Father Coughlin's favorite enemy—it is unexpected to find Mr. Keelon intimately established in one of the best niches at the Shrine of the Little Flower.

More significant than Mr. Keelon himself, however, was Mr. Keelon's good friend, Mr. Robert Harriss, partner of Harriss and Vose, New York cotton brokers, and the sole big-business figure discoverable at Cleveland. A brother, Richard Harriss Jr., is a member of the New York Cotton Exchange board. Father Coughlin's decision to back Messrs. Lemke and O'Brien in the national campaign was taken, I was told, at a time when Father Coughlin was making Mr. Keelon's Great Barrington, Massachusetts, home his secret headquarters, and presumably Mr. Keelon and Mr. Harriss were his advisers. However, it must be emphasized that there was no evidence at Cleveland to show that Father Coughlin's support of Messrs. Lemke and O'Brien was at the behest of the Republican Party, or any Republican group. The interest of Mr. Keelon and Harriss in Father Coughlin is obvious enough, since the inflationary legislation that he intends to press at the next session of Congress may affect both dollar exchange, and the world competitive position of American cotton.

Other than these two, Father Coughlin's advisers



Drawn for The New Republic by Bertrand Zadig

THE RADIO PRIEST IN ACTION

may be disposed of briefly. His personal attorney, Mr. Pruitt Semmes, is a Detroit lawyer, specializing recently in the reorganization of realty corporations. The convention's permanent chairman, Mr. Sylvester V. MacMahon, was once president of the Cleveland Bar Association. Father Coughlin's chief known political strategist, and the leader of the strictly Coughlin bloc in Washington, is Representative Martin L. Sweeney of Cleveland who helped officiate at Sunday's speech carousal at the Stadium. The remainder of Coughlin's entourage seemed to be men glad of the \$2,400 a year and expenses that he pays them.

Throughout the three days at Cleveland, Coughlin was called simply "Father." "Father says. . . . Father thinks. . . . Father told us. . . ." The nominating speech for Coughlin as president of the N.U.S.J.'s corporation, formed at Cleveland, was made by Miss Helen Elizabeth Martin, of the Bronx, New York, a middle-aged woman with a red ribbon in her hair. Amid frantic applause, she announced that "for those of us who haven't a material father—whose father is in the Great Beyond—he can be our father, and we won't need to feel lonesome." Apparently in the grip of almost unbearable emotion, a Maryland delegate proposed: "Resolved, that we give thanks to the mother of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin for bearing him." Innumerable speakers identified Coughlin with Christ.

Everywhere was evidence that Coughlin's power comes altogether from the accumulated effect of his weekly broadcasts. Invariably, delegates began: "I've been listening for four years." Or it would be two years, or, shamefacedly, only six months. They were people to whom a \$10 radio was their only luxury, their great comfort. Week after week, Coughlin has explained that their depression-born poverty is not their fault, that it has been caused by evil, mysterious forces, international bankers, the Rothschilds, the Communists. He has told them, crudely and flatly: "God wants you to have more money."

And the delegates were in Cleveland to see this Voice that had let them dream. Father Coughlin's slightly irritating mannerisms—for example, his trick of acknowledging applause by flicking his handkerchief with a dainty movement of his wrist—made no difference. Nothing made any difference. Before they left their homes a relationship had been created between them and the Voice which pulled them as helplessly as if they had been attached to steel wires.

Father Coughlin is the world's first politician to be almost exclusively a radio performer. At Cleveland, as each new speaker approached the lectern, he was on his feet, deftly adjusting the loudspeaker equipment. He himself, in speaking, nuzzles up to the apparatus as if he meant to swallow it. He can talk for an hour without moving his lips two inches from the microphone. In warming up his voice, he wriggles his body from the heels upwards—never, unlike most speakers, does he move on the platform. In interviews he is at his best discussing networks and coverages. He put a section devoted to radio in the N.U.S.J.'s constitution. He apparently has the same contempt for an old-time, lung-power orator—for example, the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith—than an aviator must feel for a bicycle rider. His principal comment on Governor Landon was that Landon's radio manner was calamitous. For Mr. Roosevelt, he has the feeling that one virtuoso has for another.

On the basis of the Cleveland convention, where does Father intend to take his millions of followers? One probability is apparent. The partnership with Dr. Townsend and the Reverend Smith is about to end. Dr. Townsend's inability to discipline his subordinates, and the disorderliness of the O.A.R.P.'s membership lists and finances, apparently disturb him. But it may also be guessed that he is jealous of the Reverend Smith. Before a live audience, the free-sweating Gerald can make Coughlin seem a dumb cigar-store Indian. It is possible that Coughlin's performance before the Townsendite convention—his pulling off his coat and rabat and calling Mr. Roosevelt a liar—was a desperate effort to equal Gerald at rabble rousing. If so, Coughlin learned his lesson. In an interview at Cleveland, he protested bitterly against the Reverend Smith and Dr. Townsend "tagging after me" in the campaign. He ruthlessly prevented the

Reverend Smith from speaking until late on Saturday, squirmed in his seat while Gerald talked, elaborately pretended to go to sleep, grinned slyly at those around him.

From what was said and done at Cleveland, it is mere fairness to say that Father Coughlin is at least slightly less dangerous than—for example—Mr. Hearst or the Reverend Smith. Coughlin bellowed against Moscow, but it must be said that he also bellowed against company unions, to the evident delight of his followers. Coughlin dislikes President William Green of the A.F. of L., because of Green's letter to the last session of Congress opposing the Frazier-Lemke mortgage-refinancing bill. Perhaps for this reason, he is a partisan of the C.I.O., hopes that its steel-organizing campaign succeeds, and believes that it will. Senator Rush D. Holt—who is very hostile to the C.I.O.—seems to have been brought to the convention not because of his labor views, but simply because Father Coughlin was determined to produce a United States Senator for the customers, and Senators Thomas and McCarran had refused him. It needs likewise to be emphasized that Coughlin spoke in advocacy of a child-labor amendment and that he showed himself favorable to the control of munitions.

Whatever Coughlin's own inclinations toward Red and Jew-baiting may be, the cohesive force in his movement—judged by Cleveland—still remains wholly that of currency inflation. That, and not the suppression of labor organizations, is also the interest of Coughlin's business backers. (Father Coughlin protests angrily against being called an inflationist by the press, insisting that he wants merely to substitute "real" money for the "fictitious" money created by the Federal Reserve Banks.)

Father Coughlin's arguments are William Jennings Bryan's, embroidered by the names of the Christian saints and the Church fathers. For those who believe nothing changes, it may be recalled that Rhode Island, where now more than half the electorate are enrolled members of the N.U.S.J., was also the state to have the most complete currency inflation of the 1780's, so that post-revolutionary creditors had to flee by night, lest their eager debtors sneak up behind them, and succeed in paying them.

Some thirty delegates, picked from the ranks, seconded Father Coughlin's nomination as president of the N.U.S.J. corporation. One of them, from the Dakotas—tall, erect, level-eyed, with close-cropped head—obviously had never faced a crowd before, and in his terror spoke with the simple brevity that people are supposed to use at the Judgment Gate: "I am a farmer. I've worked hard. I've raised a big family. Now I've got nothing." Such are the men and women—several millions of them—for whom Father Coughlin is Father, and so long as they fail to receive the "justice" that he promises them, this country will not be safe or happy.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Washington Notes

The Promise of Labor's Non-Partisan League— Can It Supplant the Bosses?—Economic Royalism As a Slogan

THE FIRST convention of Labor's Non-Partisan League here last week was singularly impressive. It showed a strain of extreme idealism, rising even to religiosity, as when Major Berry led the delegates in silent prayer for victory in November. But with this was blended a political realism of the sharpest-witted kind. These men and women delegates knew their local political bosses in both parties by their first names, knew the bosses' connections with industrial corporations and utilities, knew how far—if at all—they could be trusted to fulfill promises to labor. They knew their congressional-district registration figures, knew what inter-party deals were in prospect, and had shrewd ideas of what bargains labor might make.

The strength, cohesiveness and obvious political know-how of this workers' party that Messrs. Berry, Lewis and Hillman have called into existence has an importance for the immediate future—as well as for 1940—that can hardly be overestimated. If Mr. Roosevelt is reelected, Labor's Non-Partisan League will give him, for the first time, a relatively solid base on which to rest the New Deal program, at least as far as the industrial states in the Northeast are concerned. In these states, on whom has Mr. Roosevelt had to depend since March, 1933? In New York, primarily on the faction of Tammany Hall led by Mr. Jimmy Hines, and the Bronx organization of Mr. Ed Flynn. In Illinois, on the Chicago river-ward guerrillas of Messrs. Pat Nash and Ed Kelly. In Indiana, on the Wabash fuehrer, Governor Paul V. McNutt.

These leaders—and others like them in the Northeastern states—have been the men on whom Mr. Roosevelt has had to rely to nominate and elect the Democratic Representatives and Senators to Congress, and to keep these Representatives and Senators loyal to New Deal objectives. It is notorious that they have failed him. The Democratic Congressmen from the big Northeastern states forced Mr. Roosevelt to emasculate his tax bills in the last two sessions, and very nearly succeeded in killing the "death-sentence" clause of the holding-company bill. They voted against Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal program—most of them—primarily because those were the instructions they received from their state and city bosses back home.

Mr. Roosevelt has been compelled to deal with these saboteurs in his own party. They—and not Mr. Roosevelt—were in control of the local party machinery, and it was on them that Democratic members of Congress had to depend for renomination. But the existence of Labor's Non-Partisan League—if it continues to gather strength at its present rate—will drastically change this situation. In many congressional districts it will provide an organized, active group of New Deal voters that Democratic Representatives in Congress can ignore only with peril to their political skins. A Congressman from such a district who votes against a "must" bill of Mr. Roosevelt—assuming it is a bill that organized labor is interested in—will know that he is flirting with annihilation at the next primary.

A situation very like this already exists in Pennsylvania. There, whenever the Democratic state chairman, Mr. David L. Lawrence, wants political advice, he does not consult with lawyers for real-estate, industrial and utility interests—as some of Mr. Roosevelt's supposed supporters in New York and Chicago are alleged to do—but with members of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. The twenty-three Democratic Congressmen from Pennsylvania have been loyally pro-New Deal. Two of them, Messrs. Boland and Ellenbogen, have been among the most useful partisans of the President in Washington.

It is perhaps too much to hope that the American Labor Party—the New York affiliate of Labor's Non-Partisan League—will be able to bring about a similar regeneration of Tammany Hall. But the American Labor Party has already drawn to it Mayor LaGuardia's not inconsiderable strength, and probably will be able to deliver a majority of votes in a number of New York City congressional districts. Its strength is already great enough so that it seems highly improbable that the New York Democratic organization will attempt to nominate candidates to whom the American Labor Party is opposed. Nor, in the coming four years, will New York's Democratic Representatives in Congress be likely to vote against measures that labor wants.

To a dangerous extent, the New Deal since March, 1933, has been an army that possessed a brilliant, devoted general staff, and, at the same time, an unwashed, mutinous, pilfering group of non-commissioned officers. The general staff has repeatedly worked out elaborate strategical plans, only to find that the army's top-sergeants, corporals and lance-corporals—or most of them—had their own private arrangements with the enemy, and had no intention of fighting until the plans had been modified so that their secret paymasters could not lose, or at least not lose too badly. Labor's Non-Partisan League will constitute a sort of New Deal military police; it will keep the Democratic Representatives and Senators in the front-line sectors, with their rifles pointed in the right direction.

I learn that the Democratic Party leaders—greatly relieved, incidentally, that Senator Joe T. Robinson has managed to win the Arkansas primary—are still debating whether "economic royalism" should be made a leading issue of the campaign. Apparently only a few have a glimmering of what the issue is about. To most of them it is a pretty paraphrase for monopoly. Democratic leaders are entirely willing that Mr. Roosevelt should denounce monopoly, the louder the better. The testimony elicited by Senator Black's investigation of the Liberty League and its affiliates is regarded by these leaders as a gold-mine of campaign-speech material. They have no objection to Mr. Roosevelt's promising to break up, smash and shatter into bits the oil monopoly, the packers' monopoly, the chemical monopoly, just as Democratic presidential candidates have promised every four years for the last two generations. But when they are gently told—as experts are now telling them—that the monopolies in most of the basic industries cannot, as a practical matter, be broken up, that they depend not on interlocking directorates and common-stock ownership, but on long-standing trade practices, patent pools and international cartel agreements, and that the industries in which they exist must be either taken over by the government, or

else strictly regulated by it—when they hear such things, a majority of Democratic leaders show signs of great pain and apprehension. If opposition to “economic royalism” really means government ownership or regulation, apparently they consider it a wholly unnecessary and harmful issue, and one they want none of. However, Mr. Roosevelt has shown he means to run his campaign according to his own ideas, and if he decides to make “economic royalism” the issue of the campaign, he will do so.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Consumer Is Always Wrong—Having Solved Abundance, How to Meet Scarcity?—Man Is Born to Be a Sucker

FOR SOME years farmers stormed because the prices of their crops were low. The government finally came to their aid under pressure. It paid them not to raise wheat, corn, hogs, cotton. Now shortages in these crops because of curtailment and drought have hit the dairy farmers who must provide feed for their cattle. So in New York the dairy farmers rise and notify the government that they must have higher prices for their milk or milk will stop flowing and blood will begin to flow instead. So the government, under this pressure, is casting about for means of forcing consumers to pay higher prices for milk to the dairy farmers. Thus the higher price spirals around finally to the consumer.

Of course one suggests that the consumer should follow the example of the grain farmer and the dairy farmer and organize. But the interesting answer to this is that the consumer is organized. The government is his organization. For who is the consumer? He is nothing else than all the citizens of the state. The trouble is that the producers have seized possession of his organization. He finds that instead of being an agency representing citizens, it is an agency representing wheat farmers and dairy farmers and textile manufacturers and so on. Its functions are employed to aid producers of all sorts to exploit the consumer-citizens whom the government is supposed to represent.

Certainly the Roosevelt administration can claim to have solved one-half of our economic problem. Four years ago we were told that with fifteen million people idle and millions more on short rations and factories and producers idle, our trouble was twofold. First, we produced too much—that was overproduction and that's what crippled the factories. Second, we didn't produce enough—that was scarcity and that's what was starving the people. Now with the aid of Mr. Roosevelt and God, we have solved the first of these problems. Having done away with the abundance which caused overproduction, we have settled that problem. It now remains only to solve the other half by restoring the abundance. There is something wrong with this argument somewhere, I know, but we will not linger to search for it here.

In my newspaper days it fell to my lot to run down a good many big financial and real estate schemes. Most of those I looked into were traps set up to ensnare little in-

vestors and very often poor people. Gentlemen with swollen bank accounts in Wall Street will tell you that the people caught in these snares are the victims of their own greed, but that is not so. They are the victims of their fear of insecurity. A man with a thousand dollars in the savings bank cannot get away from the feeling that his thousand dollars is a pretty inadequate bulwark against old age and even unemployment. He is therefore easily tempted to “shoot the works” in the hope of running that small sum up somewhere near the security mark.

They know this in Wall Street and they know it is very easy to devise a scheme for enticing these people into their net. I attacked and broke up several such schemes in those simple days and there were two features in all of them that I observed never failed to show up. One was that when the newspaper was through exposing the racket and the racketeers were indicted and acquitted or had fled, after the lapse of a little time the victims we had sought to protect began returning to my cubbyhole in the newspaper office to get their old receipt books and certificates. I always knew what this meant. It meant the rascals had returned to town under some new corporate name and were resuming their work upon the same gullible souls they had rooked in the first place, and with a continuance of the same schemes. From which I drew the dismal conclusion that man is born to be a sucker over and over again all his days.

The other phenomenon which I never failed to observe, and one which amazed me, was that the scheme cooked up to swindle the ignorant had caught a few exceedingly intelligent financiers in its meshes. One of the crudest of these was the old free-lot scheme, which still rears its ancient head at intervals. It was a plan to sell worthless swamp land in northern New Jersey to very poor people under the enticement that they were getting the lots for nothing—just paying for the deeds—and that here was the fairylike opportunity for them at last to escape from the squalor and suffocation of an East Side tenement. The salesmen were crude, some half illiterate. The whole scenario of the sales negotiations was cheap and transparent. When I investigated it there were a few points in the scheme which eluded me, which I couldn't prove. Shortly after the first stories appeared in the newspaper, a large, swanky limousine with a liveried chauffeur drew up in front of the old New York Globe office where I worked and a most imposing looking gentleman was ushered to my desk. He was a Wall Street broker, a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He told me, a little abashed, that he had come to give me the missing pieces of the swindle. He had fallen for the sales talk on the free-lot scheme and was the owner of an inaccessible water-covered plot forty by a hundred in New Jersey.

All this is recalled because I have just been reading how Mr. Charles F. Kettering, vice president of the General Motors Corporation and a very fine business man for whom I have the highest regard, was induced by those Detroit bankers to buy stock in one of their investment trusts. Mr. Kettering bought \$260,000 of the junk, which he sold for \$20,000. How are little investors going to protect themselves against schemes which ensnare men like Kettering, with lawyers, financial advisers and access to all the information they need?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Bandwagon

According to Mr. Milden, the idea of the Rough Riders is to promote such things as reverence for the Constitution, the flag, the Bible and the public schools. He gave an example of how to get reverence for the flag and the public schools.

"Up in Jersey, where I come from," he said, "there was two children who come from a funny family, and they wouldn't salute the flag. So we kicked them out of school. They gotta salute the flag or they get kicked out.

"And when they don't go to school, they get arrested for not going. America for the Americans, we say, and let the damn foreigners go back where they come from if they don't like it. Let 'em go back to their own countries where the soldiers come beat on their doors with bayonets when they try to think and do as they please.

"We got liberty here and we're going to keep it."—*News report in The Baltimore Sun, describing a convention of The Rough Riders of America, and quoting Robert Milden, of Jersey City, New Jersey, chairman of the Committee on Public Relations.*

There is a universal language understood by rightists and radicals alike, and that language is the plop of a champagne cork. After a few judicious plops we shall anticipate no difficulty from the Barcelona authorities.—*Interview in Mr. Hearst's Chicago Herald-Examiner with Madeleine Carroll, British motion picture star, in which Miss Carroll explains why she does not hesitate to take up residence in her castle near Barcelona, despite the present revolutionary situation.*

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Living Constitution

SIR: As a rule I do not reply to adverse opinions passed on my sayings and doings; but questions of fact stand on a different footing. I cannot let Mr. Witmer get away with the palpable misrepresentation of my views which he makes in *The New Republic* of August 12. He ascribes to me the notion that we must merely go back to the Fathers in a quest for knowledge of the Constitution. In ascribing to me this notion he even has the audacity, in pretending to quote from my article of July 22, to drop out a part of a sentence—the very part which destroys his own case against me. He quotes one and a half sentences. He quotes me as saying: "There is just one way to proceed. That is to go back to the original sources. . . ." Then he says we must go to "the present sources," as if I had excluded them. Now in my original article the sentence which Mr. Witmer mutilates reads: "That is to go back to the original sources, printed and unprinted, that are related to the origin and development of the Constitution." Furthermore, I merely said that Max Farrand's records of the Convention stand "at the gateway," and called for an examination of the whole record for the past one hundred and fifty years—which means down to and including the living present. Mr. Witmer finds the Constitution in "the conference room of the new Supreme Court building." He is entitled to that opinion, but he transgresses ordinary decencies when he flagrantly misrepresents my plain statement made in plain words. So I must ask the readers of *The New Republic* to read what I said and not what Mr. Witmer says I said.

New Milford, Conn.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

It is the habit of the American citizen to say "Good-bye" when hanging up the telephone.

Don't do it any more.

Instead say this:

"Join The Volunteers."

Repeat: When you hang up the telephone, call out:

"Join The Volunteers."—*Article in The Chicago Tribune, referring to a political organization working for the election of Governor Landon.*

The brokers suggested that the small mills might operate profitably, even with prices as they now are, by running a night shift with workers from the relief rolls, who could be paid not more than \$10 a week while the government made up the rest of their subsistence. It was conceded, however, that it would be difficult to find relief workers willing to accept such an arrangement unless it were forced by the government.—*News item in The New York Times.*

WHAT, INDEED?

In the Army today you get the best education possible, the best food, and you see the world at the expense of His Majesty. What more can any man ask for in this world?—*Field-Marshal Lord Milne, quoted in The Observer (London).*

MOWING THE GRASS FROM THE STREETS?

Former President Herbert Hoover predicted today that Governor Landon will be elected President, and that within six months after his election every man in the United States who wants work will have a job.—*News item in The Chicago Tribune.*

Letters of Mrs. Mary Austin

SIR: Persons having letters of the late Mrs. Mary Austin or any material pertaining to her various activities as suffragist, regionalist or writer, would confer a very great favor by communicating with the undersigned at 306 South Mesa Avenue, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Albuquerque, N. M.

DUDLEY WYNN.

A Letter from Spain

SIR: Your readers may be interested to see part of a letter I have just received from a friend of mine on what happened in Spain in the first days of the present rebellion.

Hanover, N. H.

M. J. BENARDETE.

[ENCLOSURE]

. . . I reached Barcelona in time to see the Spanish counter-revolution and spent four days observing it at close range. (At times the range was so close that bullets missed me by inches.)

Spain has made a profound impression upon me. It is a unique country, European and still not European. It is as hard as its mountains but its people are kind and friendly. Everywhere I met individuals who would go out of their way to help me. I know as a fact that many Americans who left Barcelona owed their departure to Spanish workers and not to the American consulate. It was not uncommon to see American citizens making their way to the docks of the French Line in the cars of the revolutionary

C.N.T. and U.G.T. One American told me that when he proposed to give one worker a handful of pesetas for his trouble, he was turned down.

One thing surprised me greatly in reference to the Spanish people and that was their discipline. Especially was this true during the critical days of the armed insurrection in Barcelona. Despite newspaper reports, the people of the city robbed nothing. One store was opened on the Calle Princesa where I was staying but was immediately closed by armed workers. Churches alone were destroyed and these because they harbored "snipers."

... I like Spain so much that some day I hope to return. From what I saw and heard I feel that when I do come back, a newer and finer Spain, free from the threat of reactionary generals, will have appeared. ...

Is Air Free?

SIR: There ought to be a code of fair practice for the debunkers. The article, "The Cost of Conditioned Air," in your issue of July 29, by Dewey H. Palmer, contains the same sort of exaggeration, misinterpretation and misstatement of which the high-pressure boys are often accused.

Perhaps the cost of residence cooling is high, but that is a matter of opinion. Certainly no one is expected to undertake it unless he wants it more than that many dollars; and to calculate the hourly operating cost is akin to calculating the cost per minute of smoking a ten-cent cigar. The electricity cost in the residence under study by The Detroit Edison Company has amounted this summer up to date to just about \$9.

As for fire hazard—huh! What about the 60 percent of centrally heated American homes that are already equipped with the warm air furnace system which everyone knows requires ducts to all the rooms? And as for the use of toxic gases, such as sulphur dioxide and ammonia, which the author says are "commonly used," they were superseded long ago by practically harmless refrigerants.

Air conditioning needs a thorough debunking, but let it be based on easily ascertainable and unexaggerated facts.

Detroit, Mich.

J. H. WALKER.

SIR: If you can't argue on the merits of a case or product, then set up the cry, "Debunker!" This is the customary tactic of those who are caught putting something of dubious or no value over on the public.

Where, specifically, is the "exaggeration, misinterpretation and misstatement" in my article? Mr. Walker's blustering proves nothing. His figure of \$9 for the electricity cost for this summer to date in the Detroit Edison house is equal to the cost of electricity for the whole season for the year 1935 to which my figure of \$11.96 applied. (This figure was made up of \$9 for electricity and \$2.96 for cooling water.) Current is being paid for at 2¼ cents per kilowatt hour, which is about one-half the rate the average American homeowner will pay, and in some residential sections the rate will run three or four times the Detroit Edison's special rate. Also don't forget that the fixed charges are "three to four times as high as operating charges," (a statement from the last report of this "research residence" appearing in Heating and Ventilating for January, 1936).

The fire hazard of many of the warm-air furnace systems is well known; but with positive mechanical circulation, as in all air-conditioning systems, smoke and gases travel much faster than do the convection currents in the majority of warm-air heating systems.

In an article on "Protecting Air Conditioning and Ventilating Systems Against Fire Hazards," Mr. E. W. Fowler, engineer of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, states in Heating and Ventilating for June, 1935, that:

The fire hazard of ventilating systems lies principally in the ducts through which smoke and hot gases can quickly spread from one room to another. Because fires in ducts are difficult to fight, large fire losses may be expected where they are made of, or are lined with combustible material, are of metal in contact with wood floors or partitions, or are not properly provided with fire dampers. ...

Regarding "harmless" refrigerants, I find that in the specifications for air-conditioning equipment appearing in Electric Refrigeration

News for July 29, 1936, there are three makes which offer ammonia as a refrigerant, two which offer sulphur dioxide, and three which specify "any" or "optional" refrigerant. Ten offer the flammable and toxic methyl chloride, which as a result of leaky refrigerating systems has resulted in a number of deaths. Freon (CCl₂F₂) is one of the new refrigerants which is being widely adopted. It is comparatively safe unless it happens to be liberated in a room where there is an open flame, in which case it may be decomposed into phosgene and hydrogen fluoride.

New York City.

DEWEY H. PALMER.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Norman F. Lermond of Thomaston, Maine, deplores the lack of a genuine united front among the political forces of the Left and urges all Socialists and radicals to support Norman Thomas as the best candidate in the field. ... Miss Kathleen Bruce, of Williamsburg, applauds the dismissal of Eleanor Holm Jarrett from the Olympic swimming team as a valuable lesson to the swimmer and to youth in general.

M. Erik Wright sends news of the opening of The Book Center, 204 Mott Terrace, Schenectady, New York, to make available to the public a comprehensive selection of liberal and progressive works. The Center is organized on a non-commercial basis, a small rental is charged to cover operating expenses, and contributions in books or cash will be welcomed.

A fund of \$100,000 for a Spanish Labor Red Cross is being raised by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which will make public acknowledgment of all monies sent its headquarters, 3 West Sixteenth Street, New York City. ... Abner Green, of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, thanks us for our recent editorial about Otto Richter and asks for contributions to aid the young anti-Nazi to carry on his fight against deportation and his libel suit against William Randolph Hearst.

The Joint Marine Committee of the Modesto Defense Fund urges sympathizers to send letters to Mark E. Noon, Secretary of the State Board of Prison Terms and Paroles, San Quentin, California, calling for the release of the eight men arrested during the tankers' strike of 1935 and sent to prison allegedly on falsified evidence. ... The striking employees of The Jewish Examiner, published in New York City, are asking for aid in their fight for recognition of their unit of the Bookkeepers', Stenographers' and Accountants' Union, an A.F. of L. affiliate, and for higher wages. They allege that the publisher of the paper advocates a liberal and pro-labor policy in his editorial columns but opposes unionism in his own shop. ... The Perth Amboy (New Jersey) City Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism sends a protest against the ruling of the Board of Education which denied the use of the high school auditorium for a lecture by General Smedley D. Butler under the League's auspices.

The Provisional Committee for Cuba, 26 East Seventeenth Street, New York City, sends good news of the release of a number of political and labor leaders under the new amnesty law, but warns that the military still controls Cuba and that arrests in violation of fundamental civil liberties continue almost daily.

What's on the Air?

Susan Frawley Eisele of Blue Earth, Minnesota, winner of the annual award for the best country correspondent in America, interviewed by James W. Barrett of the Press Radio Bureau. Monday, August 24, 6:20 to 6:30 P.M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Nancy Cox-McCormack, sculptress, speaks of "Jane Addams—the Good Neighbor." Tuesday, August 25, 4 to 4:30 P.M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Governor Lehman and William Green speaking at opening of the annual convention of the New York State Federation of Labor in Syracuse. Tuesday, August 25, 12:30 to 1 P.M., N.B.C. stations in New York State only.

Dr. Ewart Edmund Turner, former pastor of the American Church in Berlin, talks of "Behind the Scenes in Germany." Tuesday, September 1, 4 to 4:30 P.M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Puritan Legacy

TOWARD the end of the fine essay on Van Wyck Brooks printed in this issue, it seemed to me that Bernard Smith did less than justice to "The Flowering of New England."¹ He might of course urge that he was discussing a literary career of almost thirty years, in which this new book was a single episode. He might urge that "The Flowering of New England" was deficient in the qualities he most admired in Brooks's earlier work—conviction, indignation, moral force—and that it seemed over-tolerant, even fatalistic. Beyond this he might urge that it presented the great New England era as a dramatic pageant of growth and sudden decay, without sufficiently explaining the forces behind one or the other. But he was wrong, I think, to characterize the book as "purely description and narration"; these words apply to its method, not its purpose. And he was totally wrong to dismiss it as "scholarly story telling"; for the story told by Brooks is capable of changing our conception of American literature.

The book repairs a bridge into history that had seemed to be broken; it recovers for us a "usable past." Lewis Mumford had attempted something of the sort when he wrote "The Golden Day": he had assured us that our culture had its morning star in Emerson, its dawn in Thoreau, its high noon in Whitman, its twilight in Hawthorne and Melville. But Mumford's book was purely an essay, a stimulating outline that remained to be filled in. Brooks has taken a somewhat similar though less symbolic group of ideas and has expressed them so completely, documented them so carefully from the books and letters and memoirs of the New England writers, that they cease to impress us as ideas at all: we read them as a narrative of people and events. But the people and events are placed in a new focus. More than any other writer, Brooks makes us feel the strength and richness—and the continuing effect—of American literature during its one great period.

He achieves this end by painting a series of carefully vivid pictures. First he gives us New England in 1815, serene in its revolutionary heritage and its faith in the future. Then come the Yankee scholars working twelve hours a day in the German universities, paying long visits to Goethe and Lafayette and finally sailing back to Harvard with books and ideas and foreign languages, the spoils of a continent to lavish on their students. Then we learn of the desire for education and self-improvement that infected all ranks of society, from John Quincy Adams, who rose at four o'clock to read his Bible with English, French and German commentaries, down to Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith of Worcester. (Burritt wrote in his diary for June, 1837: "Monday, headache; forty pages Cuvier's 'Theory of the Earth,' sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. Tuesday, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's 'Theory,' eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging.")

Out of all this self-confidence and labor and infiltration of new ideas, something had to be born; and thus the first half of the book creates in us a mood of eager expectancy.

The second half creates a mood of exultation, with its picture of the years from 1840 to 1860 when the New England mind was blossoming like New England lilacs—first the Boston lilacs, then those in the Concord dooryards, then a blaze of purple and white and false-blue from the Housatonic Valley to Penobscot Bay. Those were the days when a dozen men of genius gathered in the Saturday Club and talent seemed to be everywhere; but Brooks makes us feel how much of this genius and talent was going to be wasted. He foreshadows the end of blossom time, the beginning of the midsummer drouth, in another fine series of pictures—and notably in a sketch of Hawthorne's last years, when the novelist was so obsessed with doubts and scruples that "life shook before his eyes, like the picture on the surface of a pond."

But although it is generally believed that the New England mind grew thinner and less fertile after the Civil War—that its best fields were abandoned like Green Mountain farms—still it seems to me after reading this book that more of its vitality has survived than is recognized by most critics, even by Brooks himself. The trouble is that we have been looking for the New England spirit in the wrong places. If we believe that it is fully embodied in poets like Robinson and Frost, or in the hooked-rug and lobster-pot novelists of the Maine coast, then we can be certain of its decline. Frost is a Whittier without the fiery earnestness (and with not much more skill); Robinson was a blank-verse Hawthorne still more fettered by still more shadowy scruples; as for the hooked-rug novelists, they would have to stand on tiptoe to touch the skirts of Sarah Orne Jewett. But the New England spirit has also appeared, without being recognized, in writers born thousands of miles from Beacon Hill. I should say that its purest representative today was T. S. Eliot, of St. Louis and London, whose Catholicism is partly Calvinist and partly Buddhist, strictly in the Brook Farm tradition. I should say that Conrad Aiken (born in Savannah) and George Santayana (born in Spain) and even John Dos Passos (by descent half Portuguese and half Virginian) are all New Englanders by virtue of their scrupulousness and Harvard diffidence and half-concealed moral fervor, and still more by virtue of a thin, stubborn integrity that has carried them through the years when so many other writers were being flashily successful and going to pot.

Van Wyck Brooks, born in New Jersey, is a Yankee both by inheritance and education. During his long career he has even been two kinds of Yankee. He belonged at first to the tradition of Channing and Emerson and Wendell Phillips, the men of social purpose, the exhorters and prophets; during this period he wrote the books that Bernard Smith most admires. But "The Flowering of New England," which will be the first volume in a general history of American literature, suggests another type of Yankee tradition—the tradition of Bancroft and Prescott and Motley, the patient yet worldly scholars and historians. Prescott's father said, "If you wish to be happy, always have ten years' work laid out before you"; that is the Yankee way of planning one's future. At fifty, Brooks seems to have laid out before himself a labor that will occupy more than ten years. One can prophesy already that when the series is even half complete it will be compared with Prescott's narratives of the Spanish conquest and

¹The Flowering of New England, 1815-1865, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 550 pages. \$4.

with Motley's book on "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

But these great scholarly works almost always have a meaning not directly expressed by the author, a meaning that inheres in the subject itself. Writing of Bancroft, for example, Brooks makes it clear that his "History of the United States" was inspired by the confident nationalism of the young republic. Writing of Motley, he explains that the Dutch republic was Motley's subject because the modern business man, the archetypical Yankee, had first appeared in Holland. If he had written of the purpose behind his own work, Brooks might have told another story. Today when the American republic is no longer lusty and crowing; when it feels that its fate is involved with that of Western civilization as a whole, which in turn is threatened by world upheavals that threaten to destroy all inherited culture—when the guns are booming one day in Addis Ababa, the next on the outskirts of Madrid, the next, perhaps, along the Rhine—today many sensitive men like Brooks are turning back to the great past in order to see the real nature of the traditions that we are trying to save, and in order to gain new strength for the struggles ahead.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Past Recaptured

A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks, by Aksel Sandemose. Translated by Eugene Gay-Tifft. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE PROTAGONIST of this novel speaks in the first person: "I, Espen Arnakke." Seventeen years ago—he is thirty-four—he murdered a man in a fit of passion. Now he sits down at the fireplace to tell himself the story of his life, to explain his deed. His aim is clear: he must understand, for he wants to live without terror, reconciled to his past. "Knowledge is independence and can convince anyone who will unbend that he is not the world's one and only swine." He does not want to write a novel. He has no use for creating characters: on the contrary. Characters are still masks, and the fugitive from his deed had been only too close to becoming a petrified mask of fear and acceptance. This suffocating crust must be broken up, and the fresh springs of life below it must be reached again. For, by having fled from his deed, Arnakke has also fled from his past. He has become so utterly lost that not even his memory attaches him to anything; he has become dispossessed of reality. But here, by the act of telling this story, he refuses to continue his flight, he refuses to go on forgetting his deepest needs and to die without achieving the awareness of living.

Again and again, with the determination of despair, the author plunges into the cauldron of his memories and drags into light the remnants of his dead youth. Everything must be told: he knows that victory "lies with him who can journey home to childhood." The results of these plunges form by themselves an unforgettable picture of a proletarian childhood in a Danish village, Jante. It is a picture of horror and oppression; in no other book have the sufferings of growth and "adaptation to environment" been described with greater power. In Jante—and "Jante is everywhere"—the grown-ups have forgotten that they had been children themselves; growth is a perpetual tragic struggle of the forces of life against the pitiless "law of Jante." It is a law that mutilates childhood, defeats youth and drives man to crime or resignation.

But this picture, though extensive and comprising admirable pages, is only a by-product. The real and avowed pur-

pose of the book is not a realistic description of childhood. It is the salvation of the artist's soul from petrification caused by conformity to a dead social pattern, the liberation and renewal of his sensitivity. In the last analysis, what is described and accomplished here is the artist's act of initiation.

Sandemose certainly is not the only modern artist whose process of initiation assumes this paroxystic form. Others than he, in their effort to conquer barrenness and reach reality, have had to use symbols of violence and horror. It seems that a modern man who lacks awareness of a community to back him in his aspirations must instinctively, in this disintegrating world, be thrown back on himself when he wants a basis of support. The unreality around him makes it almost inevitable that the artist who aims at touching more essential chords should tear open his being and drag the most primitive depths. I have noted above that this novel does not *construct* a character, but on the contrary, *breaks it up*. It is a process of conscious and exasperated decomposition; one by one, the seemingly solid blocks forming the fugitive's soul are made liquid, are reduced to their original sources, are expressed in what the author calls the "hallucination" method of thinking—violent images tinged with the overwhelming affectivities of childhood, its irrational terrors, dreams and obsessions.

However—and this is one of the peculiarities of the book—alongside of these fervent evocations, there are other passages where the author's experience is analyzed, and conclusions are drawn in discursive language. By his tenacity in grimness and bitterness, Sandemose reminds us of Céline's "Journey to the End of the Night." Céline at the end of his night finds only night; his journey was a blind groping in the darkness, with a howl every time he bumped into an obstacle. But Sandemose is stubborn in his effort to understand. He holds tight to the wounding edges he encounters on his journey back to childhood, and goes all the way to rock bottom; and then "he rises again with his feet on the ground and head in the air." At the end of his gyrations, "new and hitherto undiscovered things pour their pure and sparkling waters" into him. For the artist, at least, the forces of life have been victorious in their struggle with the law of Jante.

But for the reader a question remains to be answered. What is the origin of Sandemose's rebellion, his obstinate drive for clarity and lucidity? The author seems satisfied when he reaches the state of an animal that has thrown away its yoke and now is ready to live on its own responsibility; his only desire is to "live cleanly on the hard and barren things of life." The fact that the "law of Jante" crushes the biological forces of our being justifies the revolt on biological grounds. Yet an animal, to free itself, needs only to destroy its adversary or to flee; it does not have to cross its tracks. At the bottom of Sandemose's beautiful passion for lucidity there is more than animal self-defense; there is the desire for a human life in a human community other than Jante—a desire that, in this book, is not sufficiently explicit. Here and there, in the course of his reflections, Arnakke sees that "some radical rearrangement of the forms of human community is necessary," but this thought remains abstract, a mere desideratum; the process of purification through which the author has gone did not give it a living body. His book, despite all its poignant and shattering revelations, leaves us with a feeling that its significance still has to be completed, that the end it has reached must become a new beginning, and that only the first, though necessary, phase of the artist's initiation has been accomplished.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

Southern Stock-Taking

Southern Regions of the United States, by Howard W. Odum. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 675 pages. \$4.

PROFESSOR Odum begins by showing that the South, for purposes of social study and planning for future development, must be divided into two regions—the Southeast and the Southwest. The former embraces Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas. The Southwest is composed of Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. The limits of these regions are arrived at by testing the states in question against a large number of indices, economic, geographical and cultural. The present volume, which has been prepared for the Southern Regional Committee of the Social Science Research Council, deals in the main with the Southeast.

This is the most objective and highly factual study ever made of the Southeast. Much work went into the demarcation of the five other regions into which, for purposes of comparison, the country is divided. The labor of constructing the large number of maps, charts and tables that form almost half of the volume, great in any case, was rendered extraordinary because the census classifications could not be employed. The study marks an epoch in the scrutiny of the South, making it "no longer possible to cover stark reality with incurable romanticism."

The Nashville Agrarians, and others who owe too much to the moonlight-and-magnolias school, ought to be struck with consternation by these exhibits. In examining the South, Professor Odum makes no use of the bedside manner, but listens with a sensitive stethoscope and notes in terms approaching the mathematical. Not that he omits habits, attitudes, affections, prejudices, loyalties. There being a huge number of these, they take on the proper character of statistical data. Everything that would seem to set the Southeast in perspective is given, from inhabitants per motor car to death rate from pellagra per 100 of population, and from per-capita postal receipts to number of children per 1,000 women.

The whole presents an account of a region with splendid physical and human resources, but behindhand because of a skewed economy, deficient technology and training, inveterate waste, and the far-reaching needless expense incident to discrimination against the Negroes. Most readers will agree with Professor Odum's statement that the Southeast is immature rather than decadent, that it represents an "arrested frontier" culture.

It is too much to expect that this volume, which will be followed by others, should be as successful in interpretation and direction as in inventory. It really supplies work materials with a suggested scheme for further and more specifically constructive effort. It will be the starting point for many specialized studies, and an indispensable reference book for regional planning. There is an error, though, of commission as well as of omission. This is in supposing that regional planning can be effective without basic changes in American social institutions. Odum realizes throughout, to be sure, that the region must be integrated with the nation, but he fails to take account of the sources of social maladjustment in the country as a whole. The South will be, probably, the next scene of the trial between technological advance and the economy of scarcity, for the cotton picker threatens. Here looms a problem which cannot be met by opportunism however elaborate, and which, in its

solution, will not wait for patient circumspection. One sees nothing in the plans set forth in this volume that will prevent regional collapse in a new depression, that will do more than mitigate the submarginal lot of the share-croppers, or avoid the penalties of a black skin. Full use of Southern resources in order to raise the standard of living of the regions and of the country will involve a still more candid scrutiny of the causes of poverty in the midst of potential plenty.

BROADUS MITCHELL.

Jim Crow in the A.E.F.

From Harlem to the Rhine, by Arthur W. Little. New York: Covici, Friede. 400 pages. \$3.

THIS IS the story of the 15th New York National Guard Regiment (Negro) in the World War, written by one of the regiment's white officers. If one already knows the history of the Negro soldier, Colonel Little's "From Harlem to the Rhine" makes profitable reading in spots. Such a reader finds in this book some corroborative material to complete the story of how old man Jim Crow stalked brazenly about in the camps in the United States, on the decks of the transports, in the white morale organizations, in the labor battalions and in the very trenches.

The regiment was established just before the War, largely as a result of the work of one man, Colonel William Heyward; and was quickly Jim-Crowed out of New York's National Guard Division, the 27th. Shortly after it was organized, the 15th was split up into fifty units to do guard duty in widely separated sections of the East. Following many protests, it was finally reassembled and sent to Spartanburg, S. C., for training. Following much ill treatment and discrimination and an unconfirmed rumor of a lynching of two soldiers, seventy-five Negro soldiers marched to Spartanburg to clean out the police force. Newspapers were forced to suppress the story. Shortly afterwards the 15th was shipped to France.

The 15th was made to perform common labor for several months, but Colonel Heyward's constant protests finally resulted in its being made into a combat unit. It is not generally known that the three regiments which were to have formed the 93rd (Negro) Division were handed over to the French army and kept there, despite all protests, for the duration of the war, using French arms, uniforms, fighting under French officers and the French flag. And the French officers were enthusiastic about these soldiers. Not only were many individuals decorated, but the 15th was allowed to fly the Croix de Guerre on its colors.

The long story of maltreatment of the Negro soldiers in the World War is buttressed by Arthur Little's material. But this material could have been put in a pamphlet of fifteen pages. The story is so incompletely told that it is of doubtful value—especially when one has to wade through stories of fear of ghosts; stories of how "affectionate and sentimental" the soldiers were; stories of how proficient men in the 15th were when "day er-farght wi' knarfe." The dialect is atrocious throughout.

Several other works on the Negro soldier are much more comprehensive, give much more detail on the story of discrimination, attempt to fix responsibility and are free from the "understanding and respect" shown by Colonel Little for the Negro—as for example, Charles H. Williams' "Sidelights on the Negro Soldier" and the story of the morale organizations told by Addie Hunton and Kathryn Johnson, two of the three Negro women who were in France with the Negro soldiers.

WALTER WILSON.

Novels and More Novels

The Home Place, by Dorothy Thomas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

STRANGE that so many writers have overlooked one plain story from a time which we in our enlightenment call "economic depression," but which our parents called "panic." It is a story laden with tragic and comic implications, complex in the way only simple human relationships can be, and it has been reenacted in thousands of American homes these last few years. It is the story of a second generation sent homing when the country is caught in the convulsive grip of terror and greed. Miss Dorothy Thomas has taken this familiar situation, and she has kept her head and her eyesight, and in five episodes she has made a fine book of it, even though the story she tells is not nearly so bitter as it probably would have been in life.

The Youngs were once well-to-do farmers. They brought up a fine family of boys in their roomy, substantial old house. They even had electricity until they got too hard-up to buy gas for the Delco. Foreclosures have driven back to the home place two adult sons with their wives and children. The third son supposedly is still a big shot in the city. Just as they have put by their pride, not without a row, and have written him a desperate appeal for money, he and his new stenographer bride come hitch-hiking in, out of their jobs. The story goes on from there, and it is a good story, told from the woman's point of view, with the men pushed back into the shadows—as they are generally pushed back when there are basic family problems to be solved.

GEORGE MILBURN.

The Mountain and the Plain, by Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

ON THE surface this is an exciting story of the French Revolution, ripe for Hollywood. On the movie level the book has a certain vigor and movement and there are even traces of characterization, though the writing itself is wooden. "The Mountain and the Plain" has the same large framework as "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With the Wind," but is not so well filled in: and it adds the burden of trying to read us a little lesson out of the past. The Revolution is seen through the shocked eyes of a young American patriot, David Livingston, whose ideals of liberty don't include an overthrow of the Bourbons. He does become a friend of Thomas Paine, but he sees Paine as a lovable and futile liberal, imprisoned during the Terror but willing to work for the Revolution again when he gets out. The main part of the story deals with a Scarlet Pimpernellish underground railway which helps aristocrats to escape. This is engineered by David's peace-loving friend Alain, who in a final quest for salvation joins the army that is to become Napoleon's—causing one of the sages of the story to remark, "It is the best thing on earth he could have done."

At the end David returns to America. This son of a late member of Washington's staff has taken a Tory-Bourbon view of the French Revolution. The Terror may have been in many ways quite as bad as Mr. Gorman makes it out to be, but his hero has been amazingly short-sighted, entirely lacking in a sense of causality: the Terror seems to have sprung out of nothing, the whole Revolution is just a spontaneous expression of human viciousness. David's credo is expressed in one of the last passages of the book,

after he has met again one of the fomentors of the Revolution, who is now on his way to Louisiana:

Ah, the devil take it! America would be overrun with these European vermin. . . . There was no escape from them. Wherever the mind of man attempted to create an ideal community there was the whispering rascal to weaken and distort the impulse, sowing envy and hatred between classes and cultivating—like a gardener out of hell—the red flowers of Revolution. There was only one safety for America, one hope of preservation, and that was to build a fence so high that the European agitators could not climb over it.

But we must be a bit indulgent to David, who is in love with the daughter of a benevolent aristocrat. It isn't so easy to condone Mr. Gorman.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

Drums Along the Mohawk, by Walter D. Edmonds. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

IN THIS long novel Mr. Edmonds treats a section usually neglected in conventional histories of the American Revolution. His pioneer settlers in the Mohawk Valley neither hated George III nor cared greatly for independence; they saw the war for what it was: an armed protest of the rising New England merchant class against the domination of a similar group of Britishers; they enrolled under the patriot banners only because they feared that rich Tories of the neighborhood, John Butler and Sir William Johnson, would come to power if the Colonists lost. These settlers were Burgoyne's despair; they were the backbone of the militia that turned the tide of war at Saratoga. Mr. Edmonds, after stating the chief problem of his characters, allows the reader to forget it; as a result, the novel lacks the suspense and drama that the actual times had. An historian only by effort, Mr. Edmonds is mainly an antiquarian; he loves petty details, the right colors, the aroma of olden times; the meaning of events is secondary if glimpsed at all. His book is far too long, padded with pointless and stuffy dialogue, and in general has an atmosphere of unreality well documented. He shares the popular fictionist's attitude toward the Indian: every Indian has a bloody scalp hanging from his belt, every Indian is dirty, every Indian is smelly. Of the tragic dilemma of the Indian in those days there is not a ray of understanding.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON.

Red Neck, by McAlister Coleman and Stephen Raushenbush. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.

MOST American proletarian novels have concerned themselves with the struggle of man against man, of workers against bosses, the usual story of the mine or factory struggle. As John Chamberlain has pointed out, there is another struggle that can be used effectively in proletarian fiction, the terrific inner conflict within one man, torn with problems of allegiance to family or union, of allegiance to a long-term philosophy or to the short-term exigencies of his position. This type of development, tending toward a moral and ethical study of the individual, is characteristic of "Red Neck," the story of David Houston from his boyhood in a Pennsylvania mining town through his experiences in the miners' union.

There is something about having a story to tell and the brutal, forthright telling of it that commands respect. McAlister Coleman and Stephen Raushenbush have done a convincing job in this case. David Houston is a believable, living being, logically motivated, with the events of his life determined by him as much as he is determined by them. It was his intense and bitter sincerity that brought him the respect of his fellow miners, caused him to kill a man, and raised him to district organizer of the union. It was only then that he became bewildered, lost his faith and ideals, and found that his weakness was the weakness of the organization in whose hands he was a helpless tool. At the conclusion he is disillusioned and resigned and, attempting an escape in whiskey, he sees his illegitimate son parading at the head of the new militant union. The book carries the implication that there is still another story to be told—one that is to be a part of his son's life.

There are moving descriptions of clashes between the deputies and the miners, of Houston's trial for murder, and of the back-room intrigues of union politics. From the beginning the book moves with rare restraint in an even, unpretentious prose. It is this quality more than any other that produces its effective climaxes and dispassionate character development.

JAY DU VON.

Drama in the Facts

Labor Fact Book III, prepared by Labor Research Association. New York: International Publishers. 223 pages. \$2.

IT MAY seem strange to say that this book, crammed with facts and tables, makes absorbing, even exciting, reading, yet it does. It demonstrates what was so clearly revealed in "Triple-A Plowed Under," the first production of "The Living Newspaper," namely that there is real drama in the facts—just the facts—of these times if they are presented in meaningful form, which is to say from a labor point of view. Here, for example, the federal budget, usually a forbiddingly dry subject for the layman, is given life and meaning through a class analysis that shows the chief burden of supporting the federal government has been shifted from the rich to the poor in the past seven years. Thus, whereas miscellaneous internal-revenue taxes, which fall largely on workers and consumers, amounted to only \$1,444,000,000 in 1928-29, 37 percent of total revenue, they are now estimated at \$3,155,000,000 in the budget of 1936-37, 56 percent of total revenue. Income and other taxes on the wealthy have declined proportionately. Such an analysis, in the form of a single table, is perhaps a more revealing commentary on the New Deal than pages of fine-spun reasoning.

The book, of course, is intended primarily as a reference work on labor and social questions and it fulfills this purpose admirably. It covers the significant developments of the past two years and has special sections dealing with trends in the labor movement, strikes, New Deal legislation, recovery, workers' conditions, fascist trends and fascist organizations, farmers and farm workers, war preparations, professional workers, the use of the National Guard to break strikes, the number of workers killed in struggles of the past few years. The Labor Research Association, as those familiar with its monthly bulletins need hardly be told, has assembled a wealth of interesting data on these and other topics, much of it not generally available elsewhere. Most of the material has been arranged in chapters; there is a good index for reference purposes.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Books in Brief

Sycamore Shores, by Clark B. Firestone. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 258 pages. \$3.

THIS BOOK has the easy abundance of its subject, the Ohio and the many rivers, large and small, that pour into it. Mr. Firestone has traveled up and down many of these in small steamers or skiffs; he has walked for miles along the dry beds of the smaller Kentucky mountain streams in summer through wild country. He conveys a rich sense of that back-country life which is still dependent upon waterways for communication and trade and his ample narrative is touched here and there with references to older civilizations that have flourished in this region. Best of all, he has a passion for river travel, and his book is colored throughout by his enjoyment.

C. R.

Uncommon Law, by A. P. Herbert. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 315 pages. \$2.

Mr. Herbert's first act on taking his seat in Parliament as the member for Oxford University was to suggest that the resolution: "H. M.'s Government will leave no avenue unexplored in their search for peace" be amended to: "H. M.'s Government will leave no stone unturned in their search for peace." This amendment was his opening shot in the campaign for debunking parliamentary quackery, and in "Uncommon Law" he continues his fight against the disposing of justice in the light of the written word (often written some hundreds of years ago) as opposed to decisions based upon common sense. Few people can sail so close to the wind of the law as Mr. Herbert: he gives numerous examples of the triumph of meaningless phraseology and obsolete acts over contemporary needs and, throughout, conducts his satire upon strictly legal lines. This book should be forcibly fed to all who use words not as a means of expression but as an escape from clarity: those who don't come under this heading will be only too happy to accept it of their own free wills. It will give vast amusement to taxpayers and sufferers from bureaucracy, and lawyers particularly.

R. V.

A Spectacle for Scholars, by Winifred Welles. New York: The Viking Press. 59 pages. \$1.75.

Winifred Welles, in her first three volumes a poet of pure and delicate fancy, has woven carefully wrought lyric descriptions into the pattern of four rather somber narratives about New England eccentrics. Most memorable account is the fierce struggle of the spinster Abigail Penfold with the evil that has violated her flesh until she is "Herself alone in her own soul." Miss Leffingwell, resolute his-

by HELEN CORNELIUS

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torian, continues writing although a flood reaches the top step of her stair. The males have less fortitude and dignity; the exasperated scholar Lemuel Greene dashes to his death in the woods; Parson Perkins, smothered by domestic affection, finds peace in the visit of a Fay. These poems are admirable technically, with lines tightly controlled and epithets exact. But they lack the high significance of the short lyrics in "Blossoming Antlers," where fancy is intensified and the author seems to be standing on the threshold of mystical experience.

T. R.

March Hare: The Autobiography of Elsa Smithers.
New York: The Oxford University Press. 232 pages. \$3.

Elsa Dietrich, the March Hare of this story, was born on a Transvaal farm in 1862. Her youthful experiences were those common to children of pioneers—an early initiation into adventure, danger and adult responsibility, an extraordinary degree of personal liberty and spacious horizons. Her German parents, though "Uitlanders" among the Boers, shared their restlessness and land hunger, so that long treks by wagon in search of new and lonelier farmsteads punctuated the periods of prosperous farming life. There were also interludes when gold and diamond fever descended on the Dietrich family and took them to the diggings at Mac Mac and Kimberley. Later Elsa married Hampden Smithers, an Englishman; she lived through two Boer wars and the World War and saw and still sees South African questions largely from the British point of view. Her story, told in direct and lively fashion, is the record of a vigorous woman with no great capacity for thought, who lived her life with gusto and remembers it with complacency.

M. G.

Contributors

R. W. WILEY is an American journalist who has been traveling and studying in Europe for the past three years. After spending most of the summer in France he recently left for Spain.

BERNARD SMITH has contributed essays and reviews to many periodicals in this country and abroad. He is now completing a history of American criticism.

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who covered both the Republican and Democratic conventions for The New Republic, lives in Washington, D. C., and has written numerous articles dealing with social, political and economic subjects.

NORBERT GUTERMAN, born in Warsaw, educated at the Sorbonne and now a resident of New York City, writes for magazines here and in Paris.

BROADUS MITCHELL is associate professor of Political Economy at Johns Hopkins University. His latest book is "A Preface to Economics."

WALTER WILSON, a native of the South, is a graduate of Brookwood Labor College. At present he is working on a book dealing with the common soldier in America's wars.

GEORGE MILBURN, a native of Oklahoma and a former newspaperman in Tulsa, has written two volumes of short stories. His first novel, "Catalogue," will be published next month by Harcourt, Brace.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE has written for magazines both in the United States and Great Britain.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON is the author of a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne.

JAY DU VON is at present State Director of Federal Writers' Projects for Iowa.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Constance Rourke, Richard Vaughan, Theodore Roethke and Martha Gruening.

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